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REVOLUTIONS AND UNREADINESS

For nearly a fortnight Marshal Badoglio's Government has remained immobile under the stress of conflicting pulls. On the one hand there are the German divisions in Italy, too strong to be ejected or disarmed by the Marshal's ill-equipped forces; there are the threats from Berlin—stoppage of coal supplies, enslavement of the 250,000 Italian troops isolated in the Balkans, reprisals by air attack; and (potent factor) there is the "soldier's honour" of the Marshal, which precludes surrender until it can be demonstrated for the benefit of historians that no other course was militarily feasible. Indeed, the phrase "unconditional surrender" has been a misfortune; "honourable capitulation," which means in fact the same thing, and which has also been used by the Allies, sounds very different to military ears. On the other hand, urging Marshal Badoglio to seek a speedy armistice, are the growing menace of General Eisenhower's armies, now assaulting the last remnant of Sicily, and the rising temper of the Italian proletariat, whose disappointment and anger if they are cheated of the speedy peace foreshadowed by the Duce's fall, will clearly threaten to sweep away King, Marshal, and, with them, the whole feudal structure of rank, privilege, Big Business and agrarian landlordism which the "Palace revolution" was designed to preserve.

In these circumstances Badoglio's natural instinct has been to play for time. His hope is that the Allies, either because they will count the cost of a lengthy campaign waged from Messina to the Brenner or from reluctance to face the possible revolutionary consequences of overthrowing monarchist capitalism in Italy, will in the end be prepared to concede him favourable armistice terms—providing, perhaps, for the neutrality of Italy, without Allied military occupation. He may even hope either that Sicily will temporarily exhaust the Allies' effort, or that divergence of views between London and Washington will give him a breathing space in which, with a little more German aid, the Italian army can be rallied for prolongation of hostilities after the nation's sense of liberation from Fascism and the Duce's war has cooled off. The result is that to-day Badoglio is playing on Allied fears of revolution in Italy in his propaganda, while the British and American wireless offensive is using exactly the same argument to induce Badoglio to capitulate before the situation in Italy is out of hand.

Now time is the one thing which the Allies cannot afford to give Badoglio. If it is to be exploited successfully in step with the Russian victories crowded by the capture of Orel and the bombing of Hamburg and Ploesti, the situation created by the collapse of Fascism must be exploited quickly. On the purely military side no grounds exist for complaining of lack of speed. General Alexander has organised his offensive against the formidable Etna line with remarkable celerity. But it is not within the capacity of soldiers to make revolutions serve the ends of strategy. This is the responsibility of the Allied Heads of State. Can it be said that the President and Premier, with the aid of the political warfare machines under their control, have done all that could be done to grasp the opportunity? Mr. Churchill has been content to threaten Italy with fire and sword from end to end unless her Government, under pressure of public opinion, capitulates forthwith. But he has never appealed, over Marshal Badoglio's head, to the popular forces resurgent in Italy, never hinted that we should welcome in Italy a genuinely liberal and popular Government from whose councils Signor Grandi (still active in Rome) would be excluded. In so far as the Allied fear of revolution in Italy is based on the military concern lest popular outbreaks interfere with the easy occupation and use of air fields and other military bases, we believe them to be mistaken. For the railway workers, on whom most depends, would be on the Allied side and the days of chaos of which Mr. Churchill expressed himself fearful, would probably be over before the Allied forces reached the valley of the Po. The risk is much less than that of losing time and life in a war of attrition through the length of Italy.

Do these hesitations represent British Cabinet policy? Or is the U.S. State Department arguing, once more in the name of military expediency, that Badoglio must at any price be upheld as "care-taker" of law and order, and that if O.W.I. criticises the King, O.W.I. must be disavowed and rebuked? Certainly President Roosevelt has given no indication that a liberal republican Italy would receive moral and material succour from the United States.

If Marshal Badoglio, having formed his Government, had asked for an armistice, we should have seen no objection to his signature being accepted on the instrument of surrender. He is head of the Italian army as well as head of a *de facto* administration; and as such he would be a very proper signatory. But as the days pass, with the Germans given time to rearrange their defensive dispositions in Southern Europe and with the Italian Government given a breathing space in which to reorganise police repression, Badoglio's potential usefulness diminishes rapidly. President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill must see this; but they show no signs of being prepared to evoke or negotiate with the only real alternative to Badoglio—a people's revolutionary committee backed by the workers of Turin and Milan and by the rank and file of the army.

The Governments of the Western Allies have, in fact, been caught unprepared by a situation which might have been foreseen as a by-product of military success. If Badoglio goes they will be still more at a loss, with the probable (and deplorable) result that it may be simply left to the soldiers and airmen to "get on with the job." We now see how regrettable it was that the U.S.S.R. was not represented at Casablanca and that Mr. Stalin has never, apparently, been consulted with regard to Allied policy *vis-à-vis* Italy. The result has been that whereas Moscow, by its approval of the "Free German" Committee's manifesto, has indicated readiness to deal with a Germany purged of Nazis and Junkers, London and Washington, inhibited by lack of real trust in popular forces, cannot get beyond the narrow policy of demanding unconditional surrender from an Italian Pétain to whom capitulation (save on his own terms) would mean personal extinction. If the same unhappy situation is not to be repeated in the case of Germany, where senior military officers must be already wondering when it will be possible to follow the Badoglio precedent, co-ordination between the political strategy of the U.S.S.R. and the Western Allies is urgently required

Repercussions in the North

Hitler's Finnish allies have taken note of Italian events, and their Socialist press, representing the largest party, has commented bluntly. "Badoglio," says *Suomen Sosialisti*, "has proclaimed that the war continues, but it is doubtful to what extent the Italians will want to continue the fight against the Allies." *Västra Nyland*, a Swedish-Finnish organ, says "Mussolini's resignation implies the end of the war for Italy."

A Swedish minister has stated openly that "the war must now soon come to an end." There are the strongest indications in Stockholm that Sweden is about to cancel German troop-transit facilities, which were granted in 1940 "in view of the cessation of hostilities in Norway." Such a cancellation would seriously affect the communications of the German troops in Finland, who are almost entirely in the north. And its prospect may explain a sudden extraordinary session of the parliament of the neutral Aaland Islands, which control the northern Baltic, and whose interest could only be increased by an allied landing in Norway.

Reports reaching Sweden from Oslo tell of a sort of bank holiday atmosphere which overtook the Norwegian capital when Mussolini's fall became known. "Citizens kissed each other in the streets." It was some days before the *Deutsche Zeitung in Norwegen* could compose itself. Then it wrote: "We do not wish to deceive ourselves. During those first days there were plenty of people in Europe who thought that a decisive breach had been made in the defensive front in Europe. They also visualised the Americans in Milan, the British in Trondheim, and the Russians in Northern Norway."

But the Danish Nazis are really on the run. The fall of the Duce reminded them chiefly of their own Nordic skins, and they made the mistake, for which their countrymen will hardly forgive them, of being too sweetly reasonable in saying so. Thus bleats *Faedrelandet*, their main organ in Copenhagen: "There are, of course, some intelligent pro-British Danes, just as there are intelligent pro-German ones. They mean well when they talk about freedom. But . . . if Germany loses the war and we are persecuted for having expressed our political opinions freely, where is the freedom for which they say we are fighting? A party member asked me 'What shall we do now?' I answered 'In every situation there is a way out by the back door. Go in by the front door: go out by the front door. Go in by the back door: go out by the back door!' We do not in fact abandon all hope of victory, but frankly we will rather be defeated with those who are right than victorious with those we think wrong." This is much the same argument as that now appearing in Franco's press that the Falange, now at grips with Spanish monarchists, is after all justified by the "sacrifices" it has made.

Asylum

The Nazi bosses themselves have taken note of the warnings given by the Allied powers to neutrals on asylum for "war criminals." And they have reacted more quickly than the neutrals. The German *Transocean* agency commented upon Swedish reactions to the British and American notes before they were actually received in Stockholm. It reported "Swedish political circles believe that the government is in principle opposed to differentiating between political refugees and so-called 'war-criminals.'" Swedes fear that they may be presented with the awkward problem of Quisling's person.

It is not clear whether the neutrals are expected to reply to the Allied notes. Ministerial absences from Ankara are causing delays, if a reply is to be expected from Turkey. From Spain, however, whose position is more unsettled than that of either Sweden or Turkey, comment has already come in the form of an answer, not to the Allies, but to Berlin. "Spain," Berlin said, "will certainly tolerate no interference in these matters." To which a Spanish embassy official in London replied, "Berlin is not the spokesman for Madrid." Madrid seems to have been conferring with Buenos Aires, where the foreign minister, Señor Storni, has made a statement that the Argentine is considering "the new point which has been raised in international law."

French Unity

The happy end of the controversies that divided the Fighting French has been celebrated by an exchange of graceful and cordial letters between Generals de Gaulle and Giraud. Each has got what in the main he wanted. Giraud, above all else a soldier, is now in sole command of all the French forces. De Gaulle, above all else a leader, is chairman of the National Committee of Liberation whenever it deals with political or civil business. A principle which experience has taught the French to value highly is clearly recognised: the military commander is subordinated to the political authority. Untrammelled in the field, Giraud in all matters affecting the organisation of his army is subject to a Defence Committee (a substitute for a Ministry of War), over which de Gaulle presides, and in the last resort to the National Committee as a whole. All this makes a good an ingenious solution. A troublesome rivalry between two unbending personalities seems to have been overcome, while the Committee has proved itself a real power. But it is equally clear that de Gaulle emerges indisputably as its head. In effect he is Prime Minister, while Giraud is Commander-in-Chief. That is, if we can read the main trend of French opinion, what the average man in occupied France expected and desired. It means that when the National Committee becomes, as we think it must, the provisional Government of a liberated nation, de Gaulle will be its head. The risk of a Dictatorship will be lessened when the available Deputies from the last Chamber are formed into a consultative Council. But need it alarm us at all, so long as the army is under another commander? This result may be due in part to the hostility so openly displayed by the American Government towards de Gaulle and to Mr. Churchill's "confidential" memorandum, with its acid criticisms of his personality. Against this hostility Frenchmen have reacted by rallying to de Gaulle. To complete this settlement only one thing is now required—the recognition by Washington and London of the National Committee as the *de facto* government of the Free French. It should not be delayed.

The Viceroy's Farewell

Lord Linlithgow, not for the first time, has begun to say a lengthy farewell to India. Seen from below, one Viceroy looks to the average Indian much like another. This one was hard-working and conscientious, but he was also distant and excessively aware of his almost royal dignity. In a rather wooden speech he had nothing new to say. He will not admit that any further action is required from us to settle the Indian question. Indians themselves must get together. This is too much. Has Lord Linlithgow helped them to come together, by keeping the prison doors shut and even holding up the letter which Mr. Gandhi addressed to Mr. Jinnah?

A new opportunity will come to Lord Wavell, when he takes up his new duties in October. In the little he has said so far, he has struck a happy note. It is in line with tradition all over the world that a new reign should start with an amnesty. The disturbances which began after Mr. Gandhi's arrest a year ago have virtually ceased. What Indians have to think about today is not civil disobedience but famine. It would be a wise act on Mr. Gandhi's part to advise his followers to end their revolt, which as a matter of literal fact, he never himself proclaimed.

The Monopolists' Apologia

The attack on monopoly by Mr. Morrison and others is calling forth an interesting series of apologies from the spokesmen of the great combines. In the *Sunday Times* Lord McGowan replied to criticisms of I.C.I. in an article th did not answer any of the criticisms but state in general terms a case for capitalist monopoli as such; Sir Malcolm Stuart, chairman Associated Portland Cement, and Major Julia Day, of Gas Consolidation Ltd., at their respec tive annual meetings, stressed the advantages large-scale organisation. All claim that the lar concern maintains a high standard of efficienc and reduces costs below the level that would ru under more competitive conditions. Against th "back to competition school" they can put u a strong case. But on the subject of nationalisa tion, none of the three goes farther than to clai that it would not improve the technical efficienc of the industries concerned. Lord McGowa advances the curious argument that when concern is as large as I.C.I. its interests becom identical with those of the nation as a whol Further, "industry is developing a conscience and therefore, he suggests, there is no need to b worried about the concentration of power whic such huge combines represent. Sir Malcol Stuart does not demand quite so much faith He suggests that a Prices Survey Council shoul be set up, with powers of investigation, whic should give a hall-mark of approval to concern charging fair prices, and advise the appropria Minister when prices are excessive. This is concession which would be worth much or littl according to the manner in which it was ad ministered; at best it would still leave a gre deal to the untrammelled "conscience" of th industrialists. All this reveals a curiously negativ state of mind. The landed aristocracy had m questioning faith in the rights of heredity; th politician regards himself as subject to publi opinion; the nineteenth-century *entrepren* was provided with a theoretical defence in th supposed benefits of competition; the latter-da monopolist can find no justification for th irresponsible power with which he finds himse possessed, except the plea that he is really n such a bad boy as some people make out.

The Commons and Education

(*by a Pa liamentary Correspondent*)

During the inter-war years the House, lik the country, showed little real interest in educa tion. If this had not been the case it woul never have allowed the Board of Education t be treated as the bottom rung of the politic ladder from which fresh arrivals in the Cabin looked round whilst preparing to spring more important posts. Nor would the averag length of a President in office between the wa have been only 18 months. When first appointe it is rumoured that Butler sent for his Socialis assistant, Chuter Ede, and said that he, Butle had never been inside a state-aided school carried on any negotiations with local authoritie but that he looked to Ede to see him through Certainly the two of them have tackled the problems in a comprehensive way and whe the McNair and Fleming Reports are publishe the House will have a better opportunity considering Reconstruction over the whole the field covered by this Ministry than any othe

In the Lobbies Butler has certainly enhanc his prestige and may be considered as a possibl runner-up to Eden for succession to the To leadership. It appears likely that any attem by the Government to tackle local governmen reform as a whole will be postponed until aft there has been piecemeal reform in connectio with first Education, then Health, Town Planni Building, etc. Then when the smaller authoritie have lost most of their powers it should be easi to review the question as a whole. This ap proach is far from satisfactory, but is probabl inevitable given the strong local authority vest interests in both parties in the House.

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AFTER MUSSOLINI

The next inevitable step in the process by which Italians will rediscover Italy is still any man's guess. It may be that the suddenness and completeness of the collapse of the Fascist machine startled its victims as it startled the Allies. A few hundred bravos defended themselves in their party headquarters in three or four towns of the North, and that was all. If any of the many battalions of the Blackshirt Militia thought of fighting, their originality has escaped the newspaperers. On reflection this behaviour of a party which had managed for twenty years to monopolise the entire life of the Peninsula may have been more normal than it looks to our northern eyes. Thrice in modern times Italian affairs have followed this pattern. Garibaldi overthrew the Bourbon Kingdom of the Two Sicilies with the Thousand who landed at Marsala. Mussolini made himself master of the parliamentary kingdom by his march on Rome. It was a noisy holiday excursion, which had nothing in common with a military expedition save the drums and trumpets. It could have been dispersed with "a whiff of grapeshot," but everyone preferred to collapse before it, the King and the Army first, and then the Parliament in which the Fascist deputies were a negligible minority. On the present occasion the shock came from outside, but the collapse showed the same near approach to unanimity. What does it mean? It may reflect the quick intelligence of this nation: it always knows when it is beaten. It may betray that quality, call it realism or cynicism, which was the theme of Norman Douglas's novel of Mediterranean escapism, the *South Wind*. It may mean that the Fascist State was all the time the things of lath and plaster that faced us at the end. The marvel is only that our own Conservatives mistook it for granite—not merely the two Chamberlains, who sincerely admired it, Sir Samuel Hoare, who over-rated its naval power, but even Mr. Churchill, who devoted, during an official visit to Rome in 1927, a fine specimen of his stately eloquence to a eulogy not merely of the Duce, but of his system. The fact we can all recognise now is that in sapping the morals and the intellectual integrity of Italians the Duce succeeded most completely within his own party. Italians live always in two worlds, the world of prose and the world of song. It is significant that the first thing they said, when their tongues were freed, was that they wanted Toscanini back. What, then, will the next step be? Badoglio, I take it, has few partisans nearer home than Washington. Grandi may be eager to exercise once more his Macchiavellian qualities. But the real forces which will one day assert themselves are gathering in Milan and Turin. Their leaders can have only a local fame, if they have even met. They worked in the dark, and to-day they must be hampered by the partial breakdown of communications. They have stormed some newspaper offices, but though they have expelled the Fascist editors they are not yet in control. The best omen for their early success is that they have achieved unity in their Party of Action, which includes five groups, ranging from Liberals to Communists. Fascism triumphed in 1922 chiefly because of the dissentions that tore the Left into warring factions and forbade compromise even on the eve of the disaster. The five groups are agreed that they have had enough of the House of Savoy. In the liberal Republic of their hopes they see chiefly an escape from the arbitrary lawlessness of Fascism. The crime of that system which impressed its victims most was not the abolition of representative government or even the destruction of free speech, but first of all the denial it made of the very idea of right. The Germans, also, will demand a *Rechtstaat* even before they can make a democracy. How the Party of Action proposes to deal with the Church I do not know. But they are clear that they intend to give the land to the peasants—a beginning, though it is no more, in grappling with rural poverty. When we are free to think and plan we shall have to realise that the gravest of the problems Europe has to face is the helplessness of the overcrowded villages that range from Spain in the West to Poland in the East. The Italians and Spaniards will have to deal with the landlords who exploit this misery, but when this is done they will have to look to other sources for the capital that can bring water and electricity to their aid and create industries to employ the peasants for whom there is no work in the fields.

We have to ask ourselves whether we are doing all in our power to help this nation to find its feet. The opening of the prisons in Sicily makes happy news, though the men who emerge from them are hardly more than ghosts. It would be a good day's work, when we have the ships and aircraft to spare, to descend on the Lipari islands and free their captives, among whom are some of the bravest and ablest of Mussolini's opponents. But one obvious step is to enable the more distinguished opponents of Fascism now in exile in America to go where they are needed. Chafing at our refusal to use them, they have been commenting with pardonable bitterness in the *New Republic* on our singular reliance on Badoglio and the King. Count Sforza, Professor Salvemini, and Don Sturzo may not be able to supply the leadership which the brave but obscure men of the underground movement may lack. These exiles are no longer young, and they have lived for twenty years in a foreign land, but they possess the quality of moral integrity, which is so rare in the Italy of to-day, as it was not in the generation of Mazzini and Silvio Pellico. There are also younger men among the exiles, including some who fought well in Spain, who may be able to supply the combative dash their seniors may have lost. We are far from suggesting that our armies or our diplomacy should impose these exiles on Italy: that is the last thing they would wish. What we would urge is that they be allowed to make their way to liberated territory. The event will show whether they possess what it so sorely needs. In any case, one of the first needs of a people liberated from Fascism is to learn from men of its own speech what has been thought and done in the free world outside.

We are all asking the question whether what happened in Italy can be repeated in Germany. The differences in the two cases may be greater than any similarity. The Germans, individually and collectively, are incomparably stouter and tougher than their Allies. The Nazi regime, morally the more abominable of the two, was certainly not a thing of lath and plaster. It has fought with audacity and endurance, and it knew how to employ the talent of this nation in every region of human activity that calls for organisation. It would be foolish to count on a collapse of this veteran army so long as its supplies last and it can still defend itself in the air. Again, we should expect from Himmler's Waffen S.S., thugs though its men may be, a bitter fight in the last ditch. But in much else the two situations may move on parallel lines. There is much to suggest that the Duce lost his nerve before the end. The Führer has relapsed into prolonged silences, and on his last appearance he seemed morose and incapable even of a rhetorical effort. There will certainly be among the generals some who will wish to suppress him, though we are not rash enough to predict that they will succeed, or even that they will make the attempt. If they do they may doubtless reckon on many traitors in the upper ranks of the Party and in the world of big business also. As for the masses, whether they wear uniforms or rags, we suppose that they have lost their faith in the Führer's star and that they detest the Nazi Party. The growing dimensions of the vast machine of repression are evidence enough that the regime can count on little spontaneous support outside the ranks of those who batten on it. In his recent book, *German Home Front*, a sober student, Dr. Schütz, has reckoned that, apart altogether from the Front and the occupied territories, there is now in the Reich itself a force of 900,000 men of the S.S., the S.A., and the Gestapo engaged in holding down the unarmed German people, and in this total he has not included the ordinary police. So long as these armed specialists in repression hold together, the chances of any mass movement of revolt are *nil*. But if Italians can forecast defeat with a lucid realism peculiarly their own, the Germans sense with the intuition of romantics the approach of the Twilight of the Gods. When that sense of doom creeps over them, two factors may decide whether, with the army as their spearhead, they will venture to act. They may not like the looks of the general who plays Badoglio, and their would-be leaders in exile inspire less trust than the Italians. But if they do stir they are likely to be much tougher than the Latin masses. The other consideration which may keep them passive is their fear of what the Western Allies may do even to a Germany that revolts. From no official quarter, either in London or Washington, has there come so much as a phrase that echoes the invitation from Moscow to a democratic revolution, which would pave the way to a tolerable peace.

THE RETURN TO PROSPERITY, OR THE PRETENDED WAR

[*More than twelve years ago, when Britain and the world were in the depths of the economic depression, there appeared in* THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION *of March 7th, 1931, an article by Emil Davies entitled "The Pretended War," the underlying truth of which has been so demonstrated by subsequent events that we take the unusual course of reprinting it.*

That important interests in this country are growing anxious lest unemployment should be abolished, let an independent authority bear witness. In the financial column of the News-Chronicle *of June 28th, 1943, the City Editor wrote :*

> One thing which rather perturbs them (my industrialist friends) . . . is what they consider a tendency towards over-emphasis of full employment as the goal of economic policy. They feel that the real essential for prosperity in the post-war world, particularly for this country, will be flexibility and mobility, both of capital and labour. Those qualities necessarily mean a certain amount of unemployment of a temporary nature.

Some economists are now writing to prove that the nation can comfortably stand the financial burden of the war. One wonders what they would have written before 1939, if a Labour Government had proposed to spend on the distressed areas one-thousandth part of the cost of the war, and which sort of "prosperity" will be aimed at after the war ?—ED. *N.S. & S.*]

BY the end of 1935 the number of unemployed throughout the world had grown so considerably that it represented more than half of the population of every industrialised country. Things had become so bad that only banks, breweries and tobacco and match companies were paying dividends; and percipient parents were having their sons and daughters trained in accountancy and bankruptcy procedure.

The perturbed Premiers and Foreign Secretaries of Europe were assembled at Geneva for their annual Unemployment Congress. At one of the private meetings the British Socialist Prime Minister remarked :

"I heard a man say the other day that it was absurd for most of the people to go without boots when we had thousands of bootmakers unemployed, and dealers did not know what to do with their stocks of leather. He said it would be cheaper to put bootmakers to work and supply the people with boots than to pay them the dole for doing nothing. It struck me as a good idea, but my financial advisers tell me it is ridiculous."

"If one only dared tell the truth in public," remarked the Patagonian Premier, "what the world needs is another war."

"By heaven, you are right," said one of the company, after an embarrassed silence ; "if only we could have one without the awful suffering it entails."

"Well, why not ?" asked the originator of the suggestion. "Why not stage a pretended war with its advantages and without its disadvantages ? Our peoples would at least be properly clothed and

fed, and there would certainly be a trade boom."

"But we should look awful fools, *pretending to have a war*," said another.

"Well, I would rather be laughed at than shot at," remarked one of the company who had hitherto been silent, and there were murmurs of assent.

"The whole thing is preposterous," said the British Prime Minister, "but I must admit it is equally preposterous that our countries are all being ruined and our populations impoverished because of our capacity to produce too much."

"Well, let us think it over," said the venerable doyen of the assembly.

* * * * *

Thus it came about that in the spring of 1936 the allied nations of the world entered upon a state of war with an unknown enemy. Treaties, as is usual, even in real wars, presented little difficulty. Some countries were, however, at first reluctant to join. Russia was inclined to think the whole affair a plot against herself until the other Powers offered to furnish her with an unlimited supply of munitions, when she very wisely decided to take machinery and manufactured goods instead. The United States Treasury was appalled at the prospect of having twenty million pensionable veterans on its hands for one hundred and fifty years, but came to the conclusion that it would save more than that by putting its racketeers into uniform and under martial law.

In England the difficulties were less than might have been expected. The Great Financial Authority pointed out that inflation would result, which meant ruin.

"When?" inquired the Prime Minister.

"In ten years at latest," replied the G.F.A.

"But haven't you told me that if we keep on the dole and other social services at their present rate we should be ruined in a couple of years?"

"Well, if I have to choose between being killed in 1938 or 1948, I choose the latter," was the answer.

The G.F.A. left the Presence, and telephoned an order to his broker to invest fifty thousand pounds in the lowest quoted iron and steel shares.

The co-operation of the millionaire press was assured by the promise of two dukedoms and an atrocities monopoly. The precedents established by the 1914-18 war proved useful. Voluntary conscription was reintroduced, and liberal separation and children's allowances were paid. The wheels of industry soon revolved at full speed, all government orders being given on the basis of cost, plus ten per cent. Orders for millions of uniforms and medals kept Yorkshire and Birmingham fully employed. The shipyards were working day and night, constructing both war and cargo vessels to replace those that might be destroyed. The demand for steel was enormous, and as coal supplies had to be built up at all the naval bases, and thousands of miners had been conscripted to build bomb and poison shelters in the big cities, unemployment in the coal areas was a thing of the past. The contract to feed the entire civil population was given to a syndicate consisting of the Co-operative Movement and J. Lyons and Co. This resulted in the construction of fifty huge bakeries and the extinction by purchase of ten thousand small uneconomic baking establishments. One half of the army was put to cultivating the soil and increasing home production of foodstuffs, whilst some hundreds of battalions were put to the task of constructing dwellings for the troops.

As similar measures were adopted in every country, the world's surplus stocks of materials were soon absorbed. The necessity of accumulating supplies against a possible blockade caused enormous purchases to be made from the wheat-growing countries, and restored prosperity and purchasing power to the impoverished farmers.

The financing of the war went fairly smoothly. On the initiative of the United States, all war reparation debts between governments were cancelled. It was further agreed that it would be unseemly to insist upon cash payments for goods supplied to one another during a united struggle in a just cause, and that a settling of accounts could be made when (if ever) the war came to an end. As food was supplied to the civil population without payment, and half the nation was in uniform with only army pay, expenditure in terms of money was less astronomical in dimension than in the previous war. Victory Loans were, of course, issued, and every subscription over a certain amount carried with it a title or decoration according to the sum subscribed. A special tax was levied on unearned incomes, and the surtax was increased. No alteration was made in the terms of the existing national debt, except that sinking funds were suspended until the end of the war. As the importation of most luxuries was prohibited, and the amount of labour available for their manufacture was limited, prices of non-necessities rose appreciably, with a restrictive effect upon the purchasing power of the rentier class.

The war was conducted with a view to peace. The houses for the army were so made as ultimately to solve the housing problem. The bomb and poison shelters were so constructed as to form a network of traffic roads under the great cities. It was intended ultimately to scrap old and obsolete vessels and to replace them by the new ones. The accumulation of guns and war vessels became embarrassing, so it was decided to sink them in the English Channel as a foundation for a bridge between Dover and Calais.

In the year 1938, when this narrative closes, a party of High Financial Authorities and Orthodox Economists, accompanied by the Prime Minister, was making a tour of inspection of the country. The sight of so many hives of industry working at full speed, and a population visibly well fed and clothed, caused considerable perturbation to most of the visitors, and their leader exclaimed in anguished terms:

"The country is ruined!"

"It doesn't look like it to me," remarked the Prime Minister.

"Yes, but just wait till the end of the war," was the reply.

"Well, then, we had better let it go on," said the Prime Minister.

And at the time of writing, it looks as though the war would continue for another generation at least.

A. EMIL DAVIES

THE ROAD TO COSMOPOLIS

THE need for a very wide measure of international government after the war is pretty generally recognised, but there is profound disagreement and extraordinary vagueness about the shape that should be given to it. The League having been knocked out by the totalitarians is at a discount and few people propose its revival. This failure of the first attempt to create an international authority has led many to a vague belief that when this war ends we should do exactly the opposite of what they did in 1919—no blue prints of peace, no international constitutions, no covenants, no councils, assemblies, or courts of international justice, and perhaps even no peace treaty. People fall over backwards in many different ways. Some think that if only everything is left to the Great Powers of the Alliance, all will be well. Others hold that if we confine our attention to economics or the blessed word "reconstruction," and allow politics to look after themselves, the four freedoms of the Atlantic Charter will drop into our open mouths without our having to take the trouble even to shake the tree, and the Pole and the Russian, the Hungarian and the Bulgarian will all lie down like lambs and lions, forgetting that they were once nationalists in the rapture of finding that they are, not political, but economic man. The curious thing is that side by side with this international pragmatism, this reaction against the idea of a planned, formal, political international system, there is a wide-spread advocacy of an even more rigid and formal system of international government than the League. Federation, to many, is as blessed a word as reconstruction, and you will hear a convinced pragmatist, who has just explained to you exactly why it was inevitable for the League to fail, next moment, when he has to provide for some sort of international government in some particular region of the distracted world, the Balkans for instance, fall back on the blessed word federation.

These are no academic questions. There will be a system of international government after the war; there will almost certainly be an international authority. Indeed, both the system and the authority are already beginning to take shape, if not before our eyes, at any rate in the secret places, the government offices and the inter-Allied commissions and conferences. You may discern the shape of things to come in Unrra, Amgot, and Lord Rennell of Rodd. The shape is not particularly reassuring, and it is desirable that we should have some idea of where we are going and where we wish to go, or we may wake up suddenly to find that the international council is already in existence and in possession, and that it consists of a Supreme Council of Lord Rennells. A pamphlet, just issued from Chatham House and written by Mr. Mitrany, is therefore very welcome, for it raises all the most important issues and discusses them with intelligence and originality.* Mr. Mitrany is one of the many people who have been convinced by the failure of the League that any repetition of the attempt to create a political international authority on the same lines will lead to a second failure. He argues that the only way to establish and develop the kind of international government which is essential to the very existence of modern society is to base it upon positive common needs, common activities, and common actions. Instead of doing this, the League attempted to fix, by means of a written pact or constitution, the formal political relations of states. In effect it therefore emphasised the centrifugal forces of nationalism by trying to confine them in a more or less rigid international container, while it ignored the very real centripetal forces of internationalism which are tending to make the national State an anachronism. The defects of the League are not going to be cured by substituting federation; indeed, a federal international authority would be worse than the League, for by making the container more rigid and more constrictive it would only increase the national tensions.

Mr. Mitrany turns away, therefore, from any idea of a political international authority and urges the need for functional development of international organisation, mainly in the economic sphere. What that means in plain English is that where a major economic activity of nations obviously requires international as well as national organisation, or where social or cultural development is impossible without international action, each case should be treated separately and the international organisation, government, and organs of government appropriate to the international activities should be created. Thus the railway systems of Europe might be subjected to international organisation under a European railway commission, shipping under an international or intercontinental commission, and aviation under a world commission. Once this kind of functional international organisation had begun the need for co-ordination of the various activities would become urgent and would itself create a network of international government, not of the negative kind inevitable to a supreme political international authority, but a natural growth to meet the most positive and urgent needs of human beings all over the world.

There can be no doubt that this kind of functional economic organisation is the most hopeful line for the internationalist. It is itself economically necessary, for without such international planning and government, national prosperity will be impossible. It might well be the most effective instrument for breaking down the anachronistic nationalism of the sovereign State and the crude passions which have become connected

* *A Working Peace System*, An Argument for the Functional Development of International Organisation. By DAVID MITRANY. *Royal Institute of International Affairs*. 1s. 6d.

with it and which have played so large a part in devastating Europe. If the Hungarian and the Pole can be induced to think of railways and raw materials in international terms, and see the immediate result in increased prosperity, they may begin to forget the dreary, dead, but deadly subject of frontiers. Yet a word of warning is necessary. The tendency to think that there are panaceas is powerful and disastrous, and it would be fatal to think that the words "functional" and "economic," if we substitute them for "collective security" or "federal union," will lead us straight into the paradise of perpetual peace. The economic man is a figment of the learned or the communist imagination. The European is still very much a political man and a savage, homicidal political lunatic with an 8,000lb. bomb in each of his hands. Indeed, although for the purposes of science or propaganda, it may be necessary to separate economics from politics, in real life they cannot be separated. There are limits to the efficacy of international economic organisation on functional lines, and the limits will very soon be found if we are so simple as to think that no international organisation of the political relations of the existing sovereign State is necessary. After all, as Mr. Mitrany himself sees, the activities of war and peace and of law and order themselves require functional organisation. Unless somehow or other we do organise them—which means the establishment of an international authority and of some kind of collective security and international law and order—the activity of war will again produce a chaos in which once more all functional economic organisation, whether national or international, will go up in smoke—the smoke of our bombed cities. We failed to create a prosperous and peaceful Europe after the last war, because we confined our international government to "politics" and neglected economics"; we shall fail again, if this time we concentrate our whole attention upon "economics" and neglect "politics."

A LONDON DIARY

Nothing in the news from Italy has given me a vivid a glimpse of the first effects of the fall of the Fascist regime as this little extract from *Corriere della Sera*, of July 26th. "Mussolini has gone: we are free," says the paper. No one, it adds, slept in Milan on the night of the 26th:

> . . . we felt that the city was awake while we worked in an atmosphere of enthusiasm. It is difficult to make up a newspaper by ourselves after having had everything dictated to us for 20 years past by a Ministry . . . One feels a reawakening of enthusiasm and hope among the Italian people after a trance lasting 20 years.

Demonstrators sent a delegation to the *Corriere della Sera* asking it to act as interpreter to Badoglio's Government, and to put forward "the necessity for the immediate liberation of political prisoners." Al Capone is reported to have said after the March on Rome that it was "a grand racket as long as he can keep the boys in line."

* * *

When I hear arguments about who are and who are not Fascists, I recall an instructive experience in Rome in January, 1939. Though his journal had been banned in Italy for fifteen years, Italians knew it, and no sooner was my connection with it mentioned than students, mainly members of the Fascist party (because membership was obligatory for getting jobs) came to me for anti-Fascist information. I was invited to a party given by a young Fascist diplomat. The party included some fluffy-headed White Russian girls whose chief interest seemed to be winter sports. It was a complicated occasion. One after another inquiring and doubtfully-Fascist students would get me into a corner and begin asking me about the world outside Italy. Their sentences would change half-way as one of the girls or boy friends they could not trust would come up and join the group. Then we would re-form and start again. Sometimes I would be carrying on two conversations—one about ski-ing on my right and one about politics on my left. The young diplomat took me in a car round the outskirts of Rome where no one could hear us and he talked very freely. He was a member of the Fascist Party? Yes; no alternative, if you wanted a career. He did not believe in the doctrines? Well, no. He did not know what he believed particularly, except that France and Britain were on the down-grade and Germany and Italy the coming Empires. He read a lot in libraries. Croce, whose philosophy cannot be made to fit Fascism, dominated his outlook and that of many of his friends. He was reading Labriola at the moment. A Fascist reading Marxism? Yes, he was dissatisfied with his philosophic equipment and wanted something better grounded. He was only twenty-two. To me it is an interesting field of inquiry to discover whether this young man, who certainly when the time came proved a patriotic supporter of Mussolini, is still in the Roman diplomatic service, or whether the hatred of Germany that he has almost certainly acquired since then has turned him against the regime.

* * *

As the days of liberation approach one of those who particularly merits our sympathy is Mr. Amery. Whereas others are at least in some sense doing jobs that confer greater freedom, Mr. Amery, naturally a kindly man, plays the part of gaoler. In 1940 he had a policy for India, but he was, I believe, defeated by Mr. Churchill; now apparently Britain has none but a military policy—unless General Wavell has ideas that do not tally with those of the Prime Minister. The leaders of Indian liberation, Nehru, for instance (who wears the same old school tie as the Premier) have been in prison for exactly a year this week, waiting not, as the political prisoners of Italy for the British to release them, but for release from the British. That Mr. Amery is sensitive about his function as gaoler is clear from his dislike of the word "flogging." He admits that 958 whippings have been administered. The instrument of punishment is a bamboo; he pleads with us to mitigate his suffering by calling it whipping or caning. I was reminded of all this with particular force the other day when reading that classic of physical imprisonment and spiritual liberation, Nehru's *Autobiography*—a book which should be a set book for every I.C.I. examination. He describes the flogging in gaol of a boy imprisoned for a political offence and punished for some breach of prison regulations. "He was stripped and tied to the whipping triangle, and as each stripe fell on him and cut into his flesh, he shouted, 'Mahatma Gandhi ki Jai.' Every stripe brought forth the slogan till the boy fainted. Later, that boy was to become one of the leaders of the group of Terrorists in North India." I wonder if when Mr. Amery sleeps badly he finds himself counting not sheep, but Terrorists?

* * *

The only thing in common between these sharply contrasted cases was that all four appellants had pleaded conscientious objection. That brought them before the Appeal Tribunal on the same hot Friday afternoon. Sir Francis Flood was the very model of an impartial and judicial chairman. On his left was a legal gentleman who asked awkward questions, and on his right a representative of the people who could not restrain himself from vehemently patriotic outbursts. His eloquence was often painfully irrelevant, but I had some sympathy with him; no doubt he knew that his job was to discover whether the appellant was honest and sincere, but for him to explode patriotically was as much a necessary religious exercise as it is obligatory on some pacifists to preach their sermons in season and out of season. Several cases came up of men pleading conscientious objection, although already members of H.M. Forces. The first was a tough red-haired fellow, who had been through glasshouses and every kind of trouble. His adventures would make a good novel for anyone who had the patience to unravel them. I do not venture to say whether conscience was a fair plea on his part and I do not know what the Tribunal reported. The obvious thing about him was that he had got up against the Army machine, and that the longer the fight went on to make him submit to discipline the tougher he would get. The second case was that of an artist who had won the *prix de Rome*, come back from America during the war, joined up, only to discover after a few months that the entire business of war was something utterly alien and impossibly repugnant to the faith that was in him. The Army had treated him with great consideration and tried to find him suitable work. But he had decided he could not be part of the war machine and the military representative stated that his commanding officer and he himself and other officers were all convinced that he was a genuine objector. After he had quietly rejoined his military escort, a great fierce dark-browed Irishman took his place. He objected to war. Would he refuse to hit back if he were struck? Yes? Well, the court did not laugh; it contented itself with the comment that this attitude was not regarded as typical of his race. His objection was to wearing the uniform of the British army? That was what he had said on an earlier occasion. But now he was appealing as a C.O., and his objection was to fighting, he said, in any army at all. Listening, I wondered whether this man, who was apparently a good enough motor engineer and who was obviously outraged at being asked to fight for the British, had a mother at home of whom he was frightened as Shaw's O'Flaherty, V.C. Perhaps she would have scalped him if she heard he was fighting for the English—bad cess to them.

* * *

This is the third time I have watched a C.O. Tribunal at work, and each time I have thought it acted with honesty and efficiency. Certainly the tribunals understand their jobs better than they did in the last war. A real effort is made to find people work that does not condemn them to spiritual death. Absurd cases happen all the same. I have little sympathy with what I hear of an organisation called Jehovah's Witnesses, and I am not surprised that the tribunals and Mr. Bevin have both been somewhat tough about this remarkably prosperous sect. I gather that the authorities are not allowing the import of large amounts of its literature from the U.S.A. But there is no doubt that hundreds of entirely sincere people are among its adherents and that they believe they are fulfilling God's word by refusing military service. Amongst these, the now notorious case of Mr. Hilton must be included; his testimony has taken him to prison for two years and eight months out of the two years and ten months he has been in the Army. Mr. Chamberlain, at the beginning of the war, promised on the Government's behalf that this cat-and-mouse business should not occur in this war, and, I hope, now that the passions of war grow more intense as the need for intense passion grows less, that the authorities will take the necessary steps to end what amounts in such cases to a futile prosecution.

* * *

> There are some things that are not done
> To shoot a fox is surely one.

I found myself humming A. P. Herbert's verse as I listened to the shots echoing in the cornfield. It was being done. One dead fox lay on the ground; the other, badly wounded, the farmer thought, had got away. I hate things to be badly wounded. But that's no argument for the hunt. Instead of the usual rabbits in the last patch of cornfield, to be chased with dogs and sticks, this year the farmers waited with guns for foxes. Plenty of evidence round to give warning. Mostly chicken and pheasant bones. A regular home from home that trampled hiding place in the middle of the big field had been. They had earths away in the sandbanks. This, I suppose, was their *pied à terre* in clubland, as it were. Looking at the dead vixen, I said to the farmer who had shot it: "You wouldn't have done that before the war?" He grinned and so did the men round him. "Well, they'd have had something to say if they'd known?" I said: "Oh, eh

They would surely—if they'd known." As we walked away we discussed the crops and hunting. We lifted an ear of corn. It hung heavy and rich. A good crop they told me, but not quite so good as it looked. They showed me how in most ears only three out of every four grains had filled out. Then there was talk of whether there was too much chemical manure being used and how many years the land could stand this artificial intensity of cultivation. But we had not done with the foxes. Would the farmers put up with the hunting gentry all across their land again after the war and why should they breed foxes to live on their chickens (" the compensation don't cover a quarter of the damage ") and provide sport for people who hadn't their own living to earn? There was no very obvious answer.

CRITIC

WHAT WEST AFRICANS WANT

COUNCILLOR BANKOLE AWOONOR-RENNER is an elected member of the Municipal Council of Accra in the Gold Coast. He was in England to study conditions here, especially those of West Africans in wartime Britain. Would he agree to answering some questions? Yes, he would.

Q. Did the British authorities make any difficulties about your journey?

A. It took some arranging, but they did not object.

Q.—What is your opinion about the future of the Gold Coast?

A.—It has no separate future. It must share that of the other British colonies and of French West Africa. This is the opinion of the young and all progressive elements in West Africa.

Q.—Can you explain this more fully?

A.—Certainly I can. There is no real racial division in West Africa. We are one people. We have been subjected to the rule of British and French for over a century. Before that we had contact with the Dutch and the Portuguese. Yet after so long a period we are still treated as unfit to conduct our own affairs. It says little for the administration of the European Powers. The British say that we are being educated in self-government. The time has come when we must take decisive steps to advance. The first thing is to abolish the artificial frontiers between us, established by the French and British Empires. In many places, the frontiers divide not only tribes but families. A man's farm may lie at one end of a village, and he is called French and is subject to French law. That of his brother or his cousin may lie at the other end, and the brother is called a British subject and is under a totally different law. We cannot understand or tolerate these artificial divisions. We want a united self-governing West Africa.

Q.—But will the French and the British Governments consent to that?

A.—We think that after the war they will be far closer than ever before, and may come to a common policy on West Africa.

Q.—Do you want to be completely independent of Britain?

A.—No. We fully appreciate that no complete " independence " is possible, if only for reasons of security. But we see no reason why we should not be a Dominion with as much freedom as, say, New Zealand, now has in practice. In any case, if we had an independent choice as equal partners, we should not wish to leave the British Empire.

Q.—By West Africa you mean the territories south of the deserts and west of the Congo Basin?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Failing the unification of the British and French colonies, what would you propose?

A.—As a first step the unification of the British colonies and their self-government.

Q.—Would that not be difficult, in view of their geographical separation?

A.—We do not admit that. The British system is all the same. Even the so-called mandated areas are simply administered as parts of the colonies.

Q.—How would you manage the language difficulty?

A.—We have a Lingua Franca in Haussa, which is understood by the vast majority in West Africa. Haussa should be made the compulsory language of education. The English have adopted, as a method of keeping us apart, the teaching of local languages in the schools. This may have its good points. But as a unified state we need one language. And Haussa must be that language since it is more widely spoken in West Africa than any other language.

Q.—What would be your idea of education?

A.—Free compulsory education up to 18 years, and local universities.

Q.—Are not the French colonies better supplied with schools than the British?

A.—No. The French schooling ends at the third standard, except perhaps for a tiny minority of the *élite*. What use is education up to the third standard to a man? But then there is another aspect of the French education. With the Englishman the more you know the more he despises you, while with the Frenchman the more you know the more he accepts you as equal.

Q.—What would be the system on which you would establish self-government?

A.—Universal suffrage.

Q.—Would the peoples of the interior be able to exercise such political rights at their present stage of development?

A.—Yes, certainly.

Q.—Would you preserve local cultures and civilisation?

A.—Yes, that is no barrier to the unity of government.

Q.—Is it not the case that in the north the Mohammedan peoples exercise domination over the Pagan tribes?

A.—No. We are one people. We are not divided by castes. Nor does religion constitute a caste. Moslems, Christians, and so-called Pagans, we meet as equals, work together, and inter-marry.

Q.—How does the Mohammedan conception of the position of women affect the high status of women in African tradition?

A.—We do not adopt the Eastern view of the position of women. It is not a fundamental doctrine of the Moslem faith.

Q.—Your conception is then one of real equality between races and creeds?

A.—Yes; and we must first abolish the distinction between the European and the African. You cannot realise what it means to us. We may be as educated as any Briton, but in our own country that makes no difference; we are nothing. We are not even paid the same for government service as Europeans of the same grade. The gap in official pay between the English and the African is a wrong which we bitterly resent. It is only one instance of the unfairness of conditions in our country.

Q.—Do you plan to industrialise West Africa?

A.—Yes. We should begin in the mining areas. Then there is the processing of cocoa. There is a possible lime industry. And we could make our own textiles. At present the real ruler of West Africa is the United Africa Company, which monopolises all trade in the country.

Q.—Do you see any danger in industrialisation? Might it not put you more than ever at the mercy of European capitalists who would simply exploit your people for their own profit?

A.—We recognise that danger.

Q.—You have your own land in West Africa, thanks to Lord Lugard. I take it you want to own your own industry also? Many people think that *political* emancipation is useless if the power still remains in the hands of foreign economic interests?

A.—The proposed Land Bill of the Gold Coast 1898, which was exploded by the activities of the African delegation to Downing Street in that year, was the basis for our owning lands. Lugard came later. We must possess our own resources that no one can enslave us. But we demand self-government at once. Unless we get that we shall not be able to progress as a nation. Our aim is political unification and economic self-government.

SPADE AND BUCKET

I HAD a letter the other day about one of my grand-nieces, not yet three years old, who had just paid her first visit to the seaside. " Lucy," it said, " took a day or two to get used to the feel of sand under her feet, so did not paddle at first, as she refused to take off her sandals. But now she loves it, writes A's and T's and some of the letters with her toes (quite good for not quite three) and paddles, not only in the pool but in the whole sea. As I couldn't get her spade and bucket, she had a wooden spoon and patty-pans, so was able to do some very genuine cooking in the sand, even washing her sultanas (small stones) before putting them into her puddings. After picking up shells and then trying to pick the limpets off the rocks, she said they were 'rather stuck.'"

This was the first news I had heard of a shortage of spades and buckets, but, as life always moves not chaotically, but in a pattern, I was not surprised when, opening the *Daily Mirror* on the next day, I came on a news-story, headed " Seaside Ramp in Buckets and Spades " and learned that " the shortage of children's seaside spades and buckets has led to a ramp in wooden spoons, cake tins, and enamel pudding basins, which the children are using as substitutes." " Shopkeepers, at some holiday towns," the article went on, " are now charging 1s. 6d. for spoons which a few weeks ago cost a maximum of 9½d. Cake tins and pudding basins have rocketed from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d. In some cases the traders have tried to justify the prices by sawing the round ends off the bowls of the spoons and advertising them as 'utility spades.' Cake tins have holes drilled in the tops and wide handles of string or wire fitted, converting them into 'buckets.'"

Some people, reading this, might see in it a condemnation of the capitalist system; but to me it merely caused a pang—not a very serious one—at the thought that the long arm of austerity had reached out to obliterate even the toy spade and bucket—those essentials of a child's holiday at the summer seaside. For essentials they were to the younger inhabitants of that now ruined Paradise—the age of Queen Victoria. (Not such much of a Paradise for everybody, perhaps, but a Paradise for those whose parents were unpoor enough to take them to the seaside.) I doubt whether the parents of any previous era ever had the charming notion of taking their brood annually to dig beside the sea. There is no word of an annual migration from ancient Babylon to a neighbouring Margate. There must have been many good fathers in Greece and Rome, but I do not think—I speak under correction—that classical literature contains a single reference to a child's spade and bucket. The sea-dogs of Elizabethan England went to sea themselves, but they never, so far as I know, played with their children on the sands, though many of them were Devonshire men. Even when English men discovered the seaside as a pleasure resort they seem for a long time to have regarded such places as Margate as watering places merely for adults—salt water spas comparable to Bath and Tonbridge Wells rather than to the Walton-on-the-Naze that we know to-day.

The name of the man who first took his children to the seaside is lost to us in the mists of antiquity. The name of the man who, having taken his children to the seaside, first thought of providing each of them with a spade and bucket is equally forgotten. Yet he was a great inventor—a greater contributor to human happiness, probably, even than the man who invented the aeroplane. Who that was lucky enough to be born in the Golden Age—when dates cost a halfpenny for a quarter of a pound and many people could

ford the halfpenny—can ever recall his child-ood at its most golden except as a spade-and-ucket childhood? To arrive at Portrush, to e led by the hand along Main Street—I think Miss Rose Macaulay once raised the question whether Ireland is the only country among hese islands where Main Streets are common—o the toy-shop with its cornucopia of little ailing-boats, shrimp-nets, fishing rods, pencils ooking through the end of which you could see picture of Dunluce Castle, mugs bearing an nscription in gold letters, "A Present from ortrush" or "A Present for a Good Boy," dolls, hotographs, pen-knives and everything that he soul of man in the tadpole stage could desire -above all, spades and buckets, iron spades and ooden spades, blue buckets, red buckets and green. n Mr. Priestley's play, *They Came to a City*, some f the visitors to the ideal city are disappointed nd repelled. No child was ever disappointed Portrush as he received his first spade and ucket from the hands of the man in the toy-hop. He knew—even if only subconsciously—hat he was in Heaven. With a shrimp-net and sailing-boat (price 4d.) added, he knew that e was in the seventh Heaven.

How charming, then, was the descent to the ands. There are three stretches of sand in ortrush—the White Strand, the Black Strand, nd the Ladies' Strand. As Mr. Shaw's Androcles would have done, I frequented in those ays the Ladies' Strand. There ladies, water-gged in extraordinary heavy blue costumes hat seemed more suitable for keeping an Arctic xplorer warm than for enabling a lady to enjoy swim, bobbed up and down a few feet out uring the best part of the day, as clamorous as eagulls. We paid little attention to them, owever. We were intent on our own major leasures. To fill a bucket slowly with sand, turn the bucket upside down and, removing , to see a castle built, as it were, with one's own ands—it was to feel for the first time the joy of rtistic creation. One was not content with ne's first efforts, however. The restless spirit f creation grew, as one advanced from a small ize of spade to a larger until at last one was old nough to possess an iron spade. How furiously e would then dig, throwing up a round wall of nd around our deepening dwelling, hollowing moat outside it, and digging a channel along hich the incoming tide could pour into the oat! We knew that the sea would make hort work of our hard-won architecture; but e welcomed the destruction and prepared the ay for it. The more the salt water poured long the channel into the moat, the more it eemed for us a personal triumph. As our tlantis succumbed before the advancing ocean, e felt no grief but only happiness. Being ptimists, we knew that we could and should ebuild Atlantis another day.

Not that we spent all our time with spades and uckets. There was also the pleasure of paddling , as we called it, wading. To wander along the dge of the ocean in bare feet, and to feel the risp crystal wavelets breaking coolly over one's nkles is a luxury that still gives pleasure in the emory, even though—for some obscure reason -we never think of paddl'ng in later life. The a delights at least four of our senses—touch, mell, sight and hearing. Of how few of the hings that came into existence in the first chapter f Genesis can we say as much! I could sit for ours in those days even, watching other people iving into the sea and swimming among the llows—great men who, despising the spring oard at the Blue Pool, would climb up to a gh ledge among the rocks and precipitate emselves as if to death or glory into the deep ater.

From the shore-child's point of view there is othing about the sea that is not lovely and lovable. he wildest storm-breakers pouring in from reenland and tossing manes of foam into the , filled with a hundred rainbows in the fitful nshine, exhilarated the blood, even though one d heard of some poor wretch who, bathing in e bay against all advice the day before, had been carried out to sea like a piece of sea-wrack. The noise of a crane unloading a ship in the harbour was music. The very smell of the coal on the harbour-side was (being a seaside smell) sweeter than the scent of a flower garden. Seaside bread—baps and the rest of it—and seaside plum-tarts were ambrosia. Seaside tea was nectar.

I trust that my grand-niece has by now been initiated into some of these essentials of perfect happiness. I confess, however, that I feel some misgivings when I think of her, deprived of spade and bucket, going down to the sands with a wooden spoon and patty-pans. Someone, it seems to me, ought to do something about it. Spades and buckets can hardly be accounted luxuries. As a child at the seaside, I should have preferred a spade and bucket to black-currant juice. And, after all, let us consider the educational value of a spade and bucket. I for one learned more from digging in the sands with a spade and bucket than I ever learned from algebra.

Y.Y.

HIGH BOOTS

Ivan Ivanovitch Krutilkin entered the Post Office and went up to the window where letters were left to be called for. He waited in the queue. Soon he found himself in front of the window, peering through the grille at a handsome ginger-haired girl.

"Your identity card"—said the girl, scanning and flinging back his factory pass. Ivan Ivanovitch lost his courage.

"Well, you see, it's like this, I'm here for the May Day festivals, and I'm waiting for letters from home. I . . ."

"Have you your identity card on you?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, hand it over, then, comrade."

"I can't."

Ivan Ivanovitch pushed his head through the window and, bending towards the girl, said in a low voice:

"I've hidden it in my boot."

"That's nothing to do with me. No letters without showing your card."

"Citizen—please—reconsider it."

"I can't. It's regulations."

"So it means that I've got to take my boot off."

Ivan Ivanovitch moved away from the window. He looked despairingly round the big hall. There was not a single seat vacant.

He took off his coat and swept the floor with it. Then he sat down, laid his portfolio down beside him and began to pull at his right boot.

Very soon a crowd gathered round him, firing questions.

"What's the matter? Why's he taking his boot off?"

"He's dislocated his ankle and he's trying to pull it back."

"Nonsense," added a gloomy citizen, "it's corns."

"Corns? No, he's got something stuck in it!"

The ginger-haired beauty stuck her head through the window and watched Krutilkin with interest—and amusement. He was sitting on the floor with perspiration running down his face. The boot would not come off. Then, with his left foot resting on the heel of his right boot, he pulled, and the boot began to move. Krutilkin was triumphant, but on the last lap the boot suddenly stuck fast at the heel.

"Bad luck," said someone. The crowd began to give him further advice.

"Press on the toe—on the toe!" shouted a citizen in a bowler hat.

"On my toe!" shouted Krutilkin back. "It's the heel that's the trouble."

"It's a pity you can't undo the bootlaces," chimed in the girl.

Ivan Ivanovitch was perspiring profusely and felt completely worn out. His efforts had been in vain. The boot wouldn't come off, and that was that. He looked round at the crowd with pleading, anguished eyes.

"Citizens!" he said. "Comrades!" he cried. "*Help!*"

Someone wearing pince-nez and carrying a small walking stick came up to Ivan Ivanovitch, and, taking hold of the latter's boot, began to pull. He pulled and puffed and blew, but nothing came of it, except that his glasses fell off. Then he gave up and moved away. Another fellow tried to help Ivan Ivanovitch, but that was in vain, too. Next, out of the crowd came a big man with hands like spades and very thick fingers. He began to have a go at the boot. The crowd was silent, watching. Everybody could see that the man would either pull off the boot or the leg—or both. Ivan Ivanovitch closed his eyes in horror. The big man, still pulling at his leg, dragged him along the floor by it. Each time he tugged the same thing happened again.

"Get a vice!" he shouted hoarsely.

Ivan Ivanovitch rested with his left foot on a board. The man pulled him up and then flung him down again.

"Get a vice!" he shouted again. "A piece of wood, anything to keep him still!"

But there was nothing of the kind in the Post Office. So for ten minutes he dragged Ivan Ivanovitch round the floor. The crowd watched them. They had already made two rounds of the building, when at last the man sat down exhausted.

"You can't do it without a vice of some sort," he said, wiping the sweat off his forehead. Five people came out of the crowd and, holding each other round the waist, hung on to Ivan Ivanovitch. The big man was delighted. "Now, that's different," he said, catching hold of Ivan's foot and pulling it against himself. The chain of people moved after him. He pulled again, and the same thing happened again. "Citizens!" cried out the man. "We want another two volunteers!"

Three more people joined in. The man once more caught hold of Ivan Ivanovitch's foot. The boot creaked but still refused to come off. He then pulled again with all his might and suddenly fell back with the boot in his hand. The crowd sighed with relief. Ivan Ivanovitch jumped up from the floor, ran towards the man, and put his hand in his boot. He peered right into the boot, turned it upside down and shook it out, but there was nothing there.

"Not this one—not this one," he muttered.

"What isn't?" said the man desperately.

"You've taken off the wrong boot."

The man turned pale. "What do you mean?"

"You'll have to pull the left one off!"

"The *other* one, you mean," gasped the man with fright, and promptly rushed out of the Post Office. Ivan Ivanovitch sat down on the floor again. He felt so tired that he couldn't move. But the ginger-haired girl rallied the crowd.

"What are you standing like that for? Why don't you help him?"

Out of the crowd appeared another man, a little one this time. He went up to Ivan Ivanovitch, pulled up his sleeves and caught hold of the boot. The crowd watched intently. The little man gave one pull and the boot came off. The crowd gasped. The little man eyed them with disdain, and without further explanation made his way proudly towards the door.

"What strength!" said one of the citizens who came up to Ivan Ivanovitch. "What interests me is, how did it happen that the right came off with such difficulty, whereas the left—one, two, three and it's off!"

"Because the right is size 39 and the left is 41," replied Ivan.

"How's that?"

"I made a mistake in the shop."

Ivan Ivanovitch, holding his boots under his arm, walked barefoot to the window, flourishing his card.

"My letter!"

The girl examined the identity card—looked through the letters—and remarked indifferently:

"There's nothing for Krutilkin."

F. Kuznetsov

(*Translated by Musia Renbourn*).

THIS BRITAIN

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Duncan Mackenzie.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Commenting on public disregard of "Don't travel" pleas, Mr. R. W. Ellson, stationmaster at Kettering, said yesterday: "We pack people in as if they were cattle, and they do not seem to mind. "There was a case recently when a woman was taken ill and died on a train, and before she could be got out of the compartment 95 people had to be asked to get off the train."—*Bulletin, Glasgow.*

Senior Civil Servant (bearded) requires superior board for self and bicycle. Glasgow or suburbs, no other boarders.—*Glasgow Evening Citizen.*

The nice problems that arise amongst naval personnel of different ranks now that both sexes are in the Senior Service were exemplified by a recent incident in a Glasgow tea-room. Two pretty Wren ratings, seeing no available seats except at a table where a naval officer was sitting, took them.

The naval officer ignored them, but sent for the manageress, and asked her to accommodate the Wrens elsewhere. Discipline must be maintained, and nobody knows how his sense of duty struggled with his inclinations.—*Glasgow Herald.*

"THE RIVALS"

The Arts theatre have been right to include *The Rivals* in their "Festival of English Comedy." While to-day less familiar than *The School for Scandal*, it is quite as representative of the "Sentimental Comedy" of the Eighteenth Century and exhibits all Sheridan's gifts: his unerring eye for situation (theatrical rather than dramatic), his wit, the balanced yet nimble prose of his dialogue, and his appeal to the generous feelings of an audience. There, as Professor Elton wrote, lay the difference between post-Fielding comedy and the comedy of the Restoration and Queen Anne, not in the licence of the manners depicted on the stage. That was a superficial difference; the real one lay in the king of laughter provoked. Wit had ceased to be callous, and rakes and spendthrifts of both sexes began to exhibit good hearts.

Sheridan was twenty-four when he wrote *The Rivals*. Since its first performance a hundred and sixty-eight years ago, this play has repeatedly delighted the most varied audiences, and remained a favourite with amateur actors. No wonder every part in *The Rivals*, however small, offers a chance of a personal triumph; either in the mimicry of eccentricity or in the exhibition of unlimited virtuosity in stylising emotion. And there precisely lies the difficulty of casting a first-rate, or even a satisfactory performance. Though Mr. Derek Birch as Captain Absolute, Miss Landone as Mrs. Malaprop, Mr. Blakelock as Bob Acres, acted zestfully and quite well, the performance left much to be desired, while only two small parts came near to being filled to the brim—the two servants, Fag and David. The gentlemanly suavity of Mr. Peter Jones as Fag would not have let down even a perfect performance of the play. (By the way, how much more kind and well-bred is Sheridan's ridicule of the servant who apes his superiors, than Thackeray's three-quarters of a century later.) There are only two original characters in the play, Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Faulkland. The rest are stock comedy figures wittily reanimated: the tyranical father (always in a passion), the timid simpleton (Bob Acres), the romance-fed beauty (Lydia Languish), even Mrs. Malaprop is partly derivative. Sir Lucius, however, was the first Irishman to make us laugh by being too matter-of-fact or too dignified to have a sense of humour: "Would you choose to be pickled and sent home?" he courteously inquires of the trembling Bob Acres before the duel, "Or would it be the same to you to lie in the Abbey? I'm told there is very snug lying in the Abbey." From that moment—from *The Rivals* to *John Bull's Other Island*, the Irishman who can't see a joke after he has made it has amused the English.

Faulkland is a baffling part in which it is no disgrace to fail. Sheridan never went below surface character intentionally. But here, while caricaturing fashionable self-admiring "sensibility," an odd thing happened to him: he began to draw a self-torturer in love. The stratagems and predicaments of his own reckless capture of the enchanting Eliza Lindley had suggested the key in which to pitch his comedy. But he had been profoundly in love with her, and along with memories—gay, absurd—of quandaries, flounderings, fears of his father, risks, came also back memories of desperate doubts: "She loves? Ah, yes, but not me—the gallant part I'm playing." "How *can* we be as happy as this excitement makes us now?" And in they crept, these distressing doubts, into that supernumerary Faulkland, who had nothing whatever to do with the play and was only meant to be a figure of fun. They made him at moments incongruously interesting, and well-nigh unplayable. DESMOND MACCARTHY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Constant Couple," at the Arts Theatre

An excellent notion to start a "festival of English Comedy" with Farquhar's *The Constant Couple or A Trip to the Jubilee*. This play has not been acted within living memory and is highly enjoyable. Farquhar was the most good-natured of the Restoration playwrights, and Sir Harry Wildair is the most amiable of the many rakes they created. The brilliant scenes in which he mistakes a debutante for a tart, and her dowager mother for a procuress, are the prototypes bowdlerised by Goldsmith in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Mr. Alec Clunes gives an exemplary performance—we have never seen a Restoration rake so well presented. He speaks elegantly and without affectation, his movements are at once graceful and spontaneous. Unluckily he is not too well assisted by his company. Mr. Peter Jones is very good, Mr. Derek Birch and Miss Dorothy Primrose perfectly adequate. But the rich part of Lurewell is thrown away. The lady who plays it speaks the story of her seduction with taste and feeling, but Lurewell should surely be a Millamant *manquée* who conceals her embitterment under a dazzling surface of coquettish allurement. Mr. Rolf Gerard's settings are pleasing, and the show provides a number of pleasures beside the singular excellence of Mr. Clune's acting.

THE HALF-RECLUSE

By Po Chü-i.

The great recluse lives in market and court;
The small recluse hides in thickets and hills.
The thickets and hills are too lonely and cold;
Market and court are too unrestful and thronged.
Far better to be a half-recluse,
And hermitize in a liaison job.
It is like office, yet like being at large;
One is not busy, but also not bored.
It makes no demand either on hand or brain,
Yet still prevents one being hungry or cold.
All the year one has no official work,
Yet every month one draws rations and pay.
For one who likes to take a strenuous climb
To the South of the city there are pleasant autumn hills;
For one who loves to take an idle stroll
To the East of the city are orchards lovely in spring.
If once in a while you want to get drunk
You can always accept an invitation to dine.
In Lo-yang there are many delightful people
Always ready for endless pleasant talk.
But if you would rather lie quietly at home
All you need do is to bar your outer door;
There is no fear that official coaches or chairs
Will press for admittance, crowding in front of your gate.
It is well known that life being what it is
To have things both ways is always very hard.
The lot of the humble is embittered by hunger and cold.
The great are compassed by many worries and cares.
Only the half-hermit of whom I speak
Achieves a life that is fortunate and secure.
Failure, success, affluence and want—
At and equal distance from all these four.

(Written in 829, when he was Lo-yang *liaison* to the Crown Prince's Social Secretary.) Translated by ARTHUR WALEY

Correspondence

MOSCOW CALLING

SIR,—According to reports in our newspapers the Soviet Press are beginning to stress the point that the Soviet armies have done as much as the British and American forces in bringing about the present situation in Italy, and the Soviet Government are very much interested in any arrangements and undertakings—provisional or permanent—which may be made by the Western Allies as the latter would be in a similar situation sprang up between the Soviet Union and Germany.

Article 2 of the United Nations Pact, to which this country, the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union are all parties, says that "each Government pledges itself to co-operate with the Governments signatory hereto and not to make a separate armistice or peace with the enemies."

By Article II of the Anglo-Soviet Treaty

"The High Contracting Parties undertake not to enter into any negotiations with the Hitlerite Government or any other Government that does not clearly renounce all aggressive intentions, and not to negotiate or conclude except by mutual consent any armistice or peace treaty with Germany or any other State associated with her in acts of aggression in Europe."

Pravda has denounced Victor Emmanuel as "the very king who for 20 years tolerated and used his authority to protect the tyrannical power of the anti-popular and anti-national policy of Fascism," and has declared that "the people who form the new [Italian] Government have not shown themselves enemies of the Fascists, with whom they have always collaborated."

It is clear that the American and British Governments are under a solemn treaty obligation to concert their policy toward Italy with the U.S.S.R. It is clear, too, that the Murphy-Eisenhower flirtation with the House of Savoy is not only a piece of reactionary politics for which the threadbare excuse of military expediency is not even plausible, but also a breach of our obligation to our ally the Soviet Union.

EX-DIPLOMAT

COMMON WEALTH

SIR,—Comment in your paper on Common Wealth has hovered between qualified approval and downright suspicion. This is only to be expected when a movement such as ours is in its early stages; political opportunists of doubtful character have probably tried to associate their ambitions with our programme, we have made mistakes in tactics, our organisation is hampered by amateurishness and by difficulties of recruiting an efficient secretariat at a time when man-power is desperately short. In an endeavour to establish a nation-wide organisation (an expensive business) we have allowed two wealthy members to contribute a disproportionate amount towards our funds. I think this last fact has led to more criticism than any other. The critics are apt to forget that no secret was made of these contributions; in fact we are the only political organisation which discusses its finances in open conference. Our Labour critics forget that their own Party, quite rightly, has not scorned substantial and timely subsidies from wealthy patrons.

We are, I think, ready to admit that, in many peripheral matters, Common Wealth is very imperfect. On three fundamental issues, however, we are sound. (1) Our organisation is thoroughly democratic; any one who attended our Easter Conference would be able to deduce from the "rough" treatment meted out to Acland and Wintringham that no Führer prinzip vitiates Common Wealth. (2) The standard of enthusiasm, sincerity and intelligence among our ordinary members are not noticeably less high than those prevailing in other Parties. We may be "starry eyed," but those stars owe as much to the light of reason as to the emotional fuel of revivalism. (3) Above all, our short-term and basic policies are more truly socialistic than those of the Labour Party.

The tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that the Labour Party has so far refused our offer of friendship and help. To my mind this refusal is due to causes which also explain the rift in the Labour Party itself. The chief of these causes is that, whereas Common Wealth and a section of the Labour Party believe

that the time for a show-down on fundamentals is now and that this show-down should take place in the proper places, namely, the constituencies and Parliament. Transport House is still committed to a bargaining policy and a jockeying for position against opponents who must, in their own interests, be intent on the paralysing of organised Labour. If we are "starry-eyed," I cannot help thinking that some of the Labour leaders are blind. They seem to prefer the guard's van to the vanguard.

Conservative opinion on the Labour Party Conference showed an almost enthusiastic approval of the sturdy good sense and realism of Labour leaders. When your enemy cheers you, you may be sure you are about to step over the edge of a precipice. Surely the Labour rank and file are experienced and disillusioned enough to realise this? It is a sad business when one is reduced to hobnobbing with the enemy; it is suicide when one begins to denounce one's friends.

M. L. FORSTER

SERVICE OPINION

SIR,—A further sidelight on this subject of Army opinion is thrown by a letter I received from North Africa from a journalist now in the Forces, who writes that he had got a new job—having done everything from navvying except his own job—lecturing on current affairs. It came about through his having written a letter to a Fleet Street friend criticising the Army authorities for not telling the troops anything about the countries and peoples they are sent to, "with the result that Tommy is not always the most fortunate kind of ambassador to let loose in the Moslem world or the Colonial French, or even amongst the American troops." He complained above all that soldiers so far from keeping abreast of current affairs, do not often know the day to day current news. He fears that after the war hundreds of thousands of British soldiers will be so out of touch with current controversies and so easily misled by stark over-simplification that before they can pick up the threads they will become a prey to any would-be führer who can voice their disillusionment and disgruntlement, especially if he can put it over as "one old soldier to another," as Hitler did.

To his astonishment his letter was referred to "higher ups." They, having talked it over with him, proceeded to take the refreshingly progressive-minded step of giving this soldier his head.

E. L. C. WATSON

SIR,—The fact that only a small percentage of Service men display any persistent political interest may be disturbing, but a change of garments does not necessarily indicate profound social awakening. The man who now wears His Majesty's uniform yesterday considered politics as the hobby of specialists, hot-heads or cranks, or else as mental chewing-gum handed to him in his daily paper.

Under stimulus the minority of politically minded and informed may have increased by 5 per cent., but one wonders whether the politically responsible proportion of British people is greater or less than that in France, U.S.A.—or Germany. For the most part people everywhere seem to prefer non-political pathways unless or until affected by personal or national disaster.

This political indifference threatens democracy with pernicious anaemia if it is not exploited by Fascist and other deriders of democratic concepts. Drastic educational advance may be one remedy but it is well to realise that even the beneficial proposals of the much eulogised White Paper leaves the mass of children with an inferior, inadequate education. The indefinite and remote raising of the school-leaving age to 16 means we may have to wait for 15 years or more before Britain can register the political effect of "Secondary education for all."

Whilst at long last, nutrition and medical treatment as educational necessities will receive official acceptance, the care of the Churches for the soul of the child evokes the recognition that "religious education should be given a more defined place in the life and work of the school." It may be true that factual knowledge cannot be separated from cultural and ethical values without leaving a vacuum to be filled subsequently with a septic chaos. Nevertheless both Czarist Russia and Holy Spain had an abundance of religious instruction without very inspiring results. And although we ourselves have had many years of Christian teaching in our schools this does not appear to have enlightened some Labour M.P.s and others that vengeance is not Christian!

Will the religious education pre-eminently affirm the virtues of compassion, reclamation, social justice, international fraternity and democracy or will it be a mystical evasion of these and their necessary implementation? Only the former can offer some hope that corrosive cynicism and indifference will dissolve.

That is for the future. Whether this is a compensating prospect depends on the measure of consistency with fine principles we are now prepared to afford, and the positive interpretation of a democratic faith that will appeal to the common people of Britain and of all the lands shattered by war, whether now friend or foe.

Neither ominous financial warnings and hesitations respecting post-war reconstruction nor melodramatic threats to "bleed and burn" or "scar and blacken" the enemy are likely to secure a splendid democratic awakening among those who do not care a tinker's cuss what we say about their political responsibility but who simply want victory to come soon so that they can return to the job they hope awaits them and to a home where they may find peace.

Cynical or savage negations possess no lasting moral or social dynamic.

House of Commons. REGINALD SORENSEN

"LET YOUTH TELL US"

SIR,—In his sixth and last "Make it Monday" broadcast, Mr. J. B. Priestley put forward the admirable suggestion that a young man from the fighting Services—who could if necessary be anonymous—should be given permission by the Authorities to tell listeners *all* he and his comrades are thinking and feeling. Furthermore, Mr. Priestley urges that this representative of shy and not very articulate fighting youth should be *encouraged* to dig into himself and show us what he finds there. This is an excellent proposal and no doubt the B.B.C. and the Services P.R.O.s are already on the look-out for a suitable young man.

But what I do question is Mr. Priestley's assumption that any honest, sincere representative of our muzzled fighting generation will be automatically allowed the latitude he himself enjoyed in his recent series of talks. In this connection—now that I have been invalided out of the Army—perhaps I can speak of an instance or two within my own personal experience.

In the first year and a half of the war, I was approached by the authorities, including the B.B.C., several times for anonymous articles and talks, and for short postscripts after the 6 o'clock news. ("They" said they thought I was the sort of person who had decided views on the younger generation.) I remember particularly one script I wrote—what would now probably pass as a fairly typical "postscript." Unfortunately my refusal to see things in a proper short-term official perspective then did me no good: in fact it caused a good deal of letter-writing between the various censors (Russia hadn't yet come into the war) and my script was sadly cut about. After more letters and a personal visit to the censor, I said I would prefer not to bother any more with this blue-pencil part of the war. And the job I had been marked out for was, I believe, eventually entrusted to the gallant Lieut.-Colonel Robert Henriques.

Is there any more freedom in the common propaganda pool these days? KEIDRYCH RHYS

PENSIONS

SIR,—According to the recent white paper on changes in war pensions, the Government appears to be giving larger pensions to "other ranks" than to non-regular junior officers in the same category.

Seriously disabled unemployable "other ranks" are to get increases in their pensions, with allowances for their wives and children if they marry *after* dis-

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JONATHAN CAPE

ablement. But there are no corresponding increases for officers!

A married N.C.O. or man with from one to four children, according to rank, will therefore receive more pension than a married subaltern officer, with no matter how many children!

I can imagine an ex-platoon commander's child saying to the child of his father's former batman (both fathers totally disabled by the same shell in Sicily or on the Somme), "I can't have a nice toy like you for Christmas, because *my* father was an officer." Are officers' children not desired in the post-war world? We can't all be acting unpaid lance-corporals.

It is nice to know that a temporary acting Admiral of the Fleet will get £420 a year if totally disabled, and that £700 a year will be paid to the widow of a Field-Marshal killed in action—but is no help to be given to seriously disabled unemployable junior officers who marry after disablement, and who have to maintain themselves, their wives and children, and educate their children, on the disability retired pay awarded to them as unmarried men? (And who, in some cases, may not become seriously disabled and unemployable until years after they are married and the war has ended, through delayed and unexpected deterioration of their condition.)

Surely this amazing anomaly will not be permitted?

JACK MAUNDER

JEWISH CHILDREN

SIR,—The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has given such valuable help in the campaign for the help of the victims of Nazi persecution, that I wonder whether your readers would be interested to know more of actual constructive help for Jewish children that is being carried on by one of the Jewish organisations, the *Children and Youth Aliyah*, which exists to bring children out of the persecution areas into the freer air of Palestine and there give them training and education which will enable them in the shortest time to become self-supporting workers on the land.

In the first four months of this year, in spite of war conditions this organisation has already succeeded in bringing out over 1,000 children, threatened with the most cruel fate, to add to the 7,000 already under their care. These children originally came from Germany, Poland and Yugoslavia. Their report states that in February, "the 856 Polish children, hunted and haunted since the outbreak of war, and for five months herded together in a refugee camp at Teheran, have now at last arrived in Palestine. The scenes of welcome were overwhelming, for all Palestine, down to the smallest child has been in a ferment of anxiety about their welfare and for months past has been making preparations for their arrival."

Up to a few years ago the children had only been accepted by this organisation from the age of 14, which meant that the years of maintenance for which the Committee was responsible, were much fewer. Now they take charge of the children at whatever age they arrive and they are therefore a charge upon the funds for a much greater number of years. There has been no hesitation in accepting this responsibility.

When news of so much destruction and sorrow reaches us every day, the story of a hopeful enterprise already at work for the rescue of these children must surely encourage us. It is indeed the duty of all Christians to aid the Jewish people in the rescue of the future generation from the horrible fate that otherwise awaits them in Europe. A deeply interesting report giving the latest news may be obtained from the *Children and Youth Aliyah*, Woburn House, Upper Woburn Place, London, W.C.1.

(Miss) E. M. PYE

NEVER AGAIN ASSOCIATION

SIR,—I have read the letter signed by Mrs. Eleonora Tennant under the above heading in your issue of July 24th.

The facts are very simple. The Never Again Association approached Lord Vansittart to become President. Lord Vansittart took his usual line and declined on the grounds that he could not because it did not include all Parties—the Never Again Association was at that time exclusively Right Wing—whereupon the Never Again Association approached Mr. Loeb, Honorary Managing Director of the Fight for Freedom, to ascertain whether he could assist us in obtaining Left Wing representation on our Council. Mr. Loeb's answer was that he was not the right person to approach and that as far as Fight for Freedom was concerned, this was a purely Left Wing organisation. There was never an approach to the Never Again Association from the side of Mr. Loeb or Fight for Freedom.

After this approach had failed, Lord Vansittart, maintaining his attitude, declined to become President and gave his opinion that the only thing to do was for each of the respective bodies to go its own way; we, as the resolution stated, took the attitude in the Committee that the Never Again Association should remain open to all Parties and all creeds.

Whilst the resolution quoted by Mrs. Tennant was carried unanimously, there was no unanimity on the views expressed by Mrs. Tennant and quoted in her letter.

As to the other phantasy expressed by Mrs. Tennant in her letter as to the position of the "Win the Peace" Campaign, her statement is utterly untrue, that organisation having the support of Members of all Parties, both on its Council and in its membership.

HAROLD JONES

HIGH HAZARD

SIR,—I never asked (or expected) to be reviewed in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, but now that a novel of mine *has* been "noticed" in your august and frigid columns, it has received exactly and precisely the treatment I might have anticipated.

Mr. Toynbee is very severe. That is all right; I should probably knock the daylight hell out of a book by him if a malignant fate made me a reviewer in my late middle age; but, with his desire to be so austerely Olympian, he forgets one very important point: *High Hazard* was written expressly to please a huge public that, in these hag-ridden days, demands entertainment—and whom, consequently, it is a public service to entertain.

I cannot expect Mr. Toynbee to be entertained by my work—nor, indeed, do I want him to be—but my mail provides me with abundant evidence that a good many other people are entertained. Decry the public taste as much as you like, but the many millions who have put their money down during the past 15 years to buy a Horler novel can't all be wrong.

SYDNEY HORLER

THAT MOST PECULIAR AGE

SIR,—I wonder: would it be possible to find in any recent distinguished author a passage of implied comparison more perverse than the paragraph on the Victorian Age, quoted by Ralph Partridge in his article on Lytton Strachey? Every period, of course, displays the wildest contrasts. The nineteenth century is a general battleground, but how can it be most peculiar on account of barbarism and prudery, nobility and cheapness, tremendous outlines and sordid details? A century which opened with the New Geology, culminated in Evolution, and at the close was not without glory in many fields, was hardly a time in which nothing was known.

If the Victorian gas-jets were worsted by the fog, the tallow dips of a simpler time were extinguished. The horse-bus was no worse than the carrier's cart, and was at least more available than the sedan-chair. Even the antimacassar was a step towards cleanliness, while the tin circle bath was a leap ahead. Racine's great monarch could not bear to hear of so much fresh water. True, poor Mrs. Carlyle fought a 30-years war against bugs in Chelsea, but the beaux and wits of the Great Century did not recognise them as belligerents. Lytton Strachey would have had to hold his nose in more than one famous salon. From the new *Life of John Woolman* I learn that, upon entering a fine house in York, that remarkable (and almost uniquely clean) American Quaker collapsed by reason of the stench. A few days later he was dead from smallpox (1772). Like all others, a most peculiar age!

S. K. RATCLIFFE

Russia through the Centuries

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The author lived in Russia both under the Tsar and under the Soviets. He was with the army of the Grand Duke Nicolas in the campaigns in the Caucasus in the last war. He was for a year in Leningrad and Moscow and saw the birth of the October Revolution, met Lenin and others of the Bolshevik Old Guard. He therefore saw both old and new Russia. These pages tell the story shortly and concisely, how Russia grew through the centuries, and how the new Russia was a consummation of all that went before. *5s net*

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THE BODLEY HEAD

BOOKS IN GENERAL

She is a divine queen. She compels the clouds. She bestows fertility on the fields. Without arms or prisons, the faith of her people in her power to command rain keeps them loyal to her majesty and her legend. And like every true god-king from the beginning of time, this queen may die no natural death, but perishes by her own hand that her people may live more abundantly. She carries on a great tradition, but few are left to-day of the line whose annals Frazer wrote in *The Golden Bough*. The greatest of them, the Emperor of Japan, has staked his throne in this war. His surviving royal cousins are few and obscure. One still defends his throne, armed through his nocturnal vigil in his hut, among the Dinkas of the Soudan. How many more there may be, I do not know. But of one of them, thanks to the two South African anthropologists who wrote this memorable book,* we may now read an account as full as it is persuasive. Why must we believe this strange tale? Because the picture the authors have drawn of the society grouped around this queen has the internal consistency of truth. These are real people; their beliefs and their peccadillos, their magic and their law, their loyalties and their prejudices, their pattern of work and sociability make a living and convincing whole that hangs together. We end by feeling that we know these Lovedu and their environment, the sunny yet temperate lowveld of the Northern Transvaal. *She* ceases to be a figure in Rider Haggard's popular Victorian romance, and becomes the credible queen of an actual, contemporary tribe.

The Lovedu are a Bantu tribe from the North which settled after many wanderings several centuries back in the Northern Transvaal, where their culture was somewhat modified by contact with neighbours of kindred stocks. They are not numerous: their present overcrowded location has only 33,000 inhabitants packed in some 150 square miles, a shrunken remnant of their former territories. They live by agriculture and their herds of cattle have great social but little economic importance. They are now much mixed and barely one in ten of them are of the original royal clan. They were never a fighting people and owe their survival among former warlike empires to the sanctity of their queen and her repute, which even distant chiefs acknowledged, as the first of all South African rainmakers. Portuguese records show that round about 1600 they had quasi-divine kings, who had to be free from any physical blemish and died by their own hands as a fixed ritual prescribed. They married their sisters or daughters, a royal practice which recalls the most venerable precedents. The authors give a psychological interpretation to this tradition of incest, but without asking the reader to accept all Mr. Perry's daring theories, it is tempting to see in them poor relations of his Children of the Sun. Legend and memory tell how after a troubled period of faction and feud the succession passed to a line of queens, of whom the first was Mujaji, the daughter of the last king, and the second her daughter begotten by her father. These queens, of whom the third is now reigning, must not marry, but they do take lovers and may bear children. Their liaisons are secret, but there is no myth of a virgin birth. The queen must end her reign by drinking poison after the fourth celebration of a peculiarly solemn rite of initiation held at irregular intervals of several years. She is buried standing, facing the North, and a male human victim should be buried with her. This rare form of upright burial occurs also in Brittany: was not M. Clemenceau so buried? After her death there follows an interregnum which is always a period of drought and disaster. Her successor is the She to whom, after the due rites, the door of the royal hut opens magically of its own motion. The polity of the Lovedu is built on the curious institution that the queen takes wives. These, usually the daughters of local headmen, form her court for a time and are then given in marriage to subjects of some standing. In this way all the chief families are linked with the throne. The Lovedu are a patrilinear tribe, but women none the less enjoy high consideration among them, own property, may marry "wives" as the queen does, and often act as headmen of villages. How the queen makes rain the authors discovered in the main, if not completely, but in truth most of the rites of the tribe have a bearing on water and fertility. To this day no natives, not even those of the small Christian minority, doubt the queen's powers. But she has much to contend with. If, for example, any of her subjects is buried in a manner contrary to the rules, the lapse will suffice to thwart her magic.

The Lovedu have a vague belief in a high god and creator, but the religion that shapes their society is the cult of ancestors. It is, as always among primitive peoples, a kindly belief which knits together past and present, makes for unity and frowns on strife. The ancestors have some command over natural forces and must be invoked and remembered by libations of beer. They are, as usual, a little uncertain in their behaviour and reward neglect or fidelity by causing or curing diseases. It seems, however, that they never cause death. Their ruling passion is to secure perpetuation and survival, sometimes by the transmission of their names to their descendants, sometimes by possession. We are not told that they ever, out of misplaced love, call children to themselves in the spirit world, as happens so often elsewhere. Diviners can ascertain their wishes by the use of magical bones as dice. After an elaborate dancing rite, they may for a brief time inhabit and possess the body of a chosen descendant. But the great occasions at which they reappear are the tribal festivals of initiation. Their voices are heard whistling and they take part in masked dances. Of these rites, variations on patterns familiar elsewhere in Africa and among the secret societies of the South Seas, the authors give a deeply interesting description. They have much to tell about the use in these festivals and in rain-making of the sacred drums, which are "gods": the craftsman who makes the holiest of them may not survive his act of creation. Perhaps the most intriguing mystery turns on the meaning and origin of the sacred bird, which presides over and directs by whistling the most important of these festivals. It is treated with the utmost reverence up to the last stages of the rite, but it is then teased and chased and finally destroyed. Here and elsewhere throughout the book the authors exercised a possibly excessive self-restraint. They described what they saw and reported what they heard and then left the enigma without a clue or a guess. The interpretation of this case of killing the god could be found only by the comparative method, which, like most contemporary field-workers in anthropology, they refrain from using.

The authors are even more deeply interested in the social structure of the Lovedu than in their rites and beliefs. They spent, with some intervals, ten years in this tribe, mastered its language, and what must have been even more difficult, overcame the suspicion and hostility which usually lead it to thwart inquiring Europeans by reticence or deception. The result is a vivid and convincing picture of a way of life which few, if any, Europeans had ever before them taken the trouble to understand. The spirit of it, as Dr. and Mrs. Krige insist throughout this book, is based on reciprocity and mutual aid. This is evident, first of all, in the intricate social pattern which results from the system of relationship. The ideal marriage is between cross-cousins, and the giving of what is usually called, not very happily, a "bride-price," results in effect in a series of mutual exchanges of services and property, which knit families together in wide rings within this polygamous tribe. The life of the village is centred in the *Khoro*, the enclosure in which it meets as a court for the composure of its disputes and the management of its affairs. It may have a visible wall, but always it is fenced with a "medicine," which wards off witches, by deluding them into seeing water, where in fact there is none. The pages on witchcraft, it should be said, are among the best things in the book. The aim of the court is not to punish but to reconcile. It deals with all manner of quarrels and crimes arising from sexual jealousy, witchcraft, theft or insulting behaviour, and always, or almost always, it manages to restore peace and good feeling by the exercise of common sense and the pressure of public opinion with tradition behind it. Other sanctions there are none, nor any trace of physical coercion. Even after a murder, families may be reconciled by arranging a marriage. The reader may smile or shrug his shoulders at some Lovedu superstitions, but in the main the picture is of a singularly humane and happy way of life which is incomparably nearer, in its simple way, to the conception of a true society than anything Europeans have to show, unless it be on a Russian collective farm. These tribesmen detest a competitive or acquisitive attitude. Not buying but giving, within an understood framework of mutuality, is their rule. They do their ploughing in partnerships, which the authors might have compared (if they did not eschew all comparison) with the system of our own early Middle Ages. Their ideal way of working is in parties of friends and neighbours, who come together to help each other in any arduous task. The man who benefits pays no wages, but he does entertain the team freely with beer, which helps to make the day as much a festivity as a toil.

Over this book, which contains so much that is curious and pleasant, there hangs, none the less, a cloud of tragedy. This good, if easy-going, pagan society, which enjoys its calabash of beer, does not frown severely on the little sins of the sexes and knows nothing of the acquisitive motive in its economic life, is in sharp conflict both with Christianity and Capitalism. In fact, it identifies these two. The Christian religion came to it burdened with the white man's money economy, his repugnant notion of buying labour and his alien motive of profit, together with his habit of grabbing land. Business, or as the Lovedu call it, "bizmis," is beyond the pale of decency. The Christian Church, as they see it, is a form of business, with its fees and collections: "at communion," as they say, "one pays for the flesh and blood of Christ." The Christian minority, less than 5 per cent. of the tribe, may be better schooled than most of the pagans and more enterprising and industrious in its farming, but to them it seems fundamentally immoral, because it exploits its fellow men for profit.

It is not surprising, when one has grasped the spirit of this kindly society, that the authors describe its attitude to Europeans as one of unrelenting suspicion and hostility. The white settlers who evicted native squatters, "with the best intentions," in order to employ them as wage-earners, started an unending feud. Even the missionaries grabbed land. These men, to whose devotion and self-sacrifice the authors pay a tribute, have adopted a ruthless policy of iconoclasm towards the entire fabric of native culture, its ethics and its economics, no less than its superstitions and its very few violations of humane morality, for example the killing of those uncanny creatures, twins. It is distressing to learn that even the white man's few gifts of technical progress have been of doubtful benefit. The natives will not believe that the dipping of cattle is imposed with a good motive. The use of the plough instead of the hoe has greatly lightened their labour, but it has led to the destruction of their terraces on the hillsides, with the consequence that erosion is robbing the soil of fertility, while the silting of the rivers has ruined their gardens. Starchy foods are more abundant than before, but with the loss of the variety of green crops and sugar, formerly grown in river-gardens, the diet of the natives has become monotonous and many of them show the lassitude of under-nourishment. They now tend to drink their beer to excess, not as of old as a harmless aid to sociability, but as a means of drowning their sense of frustration. The authors

**The Realm of a Rain-Queen.* By E. Jensen Krige, and J. D. Krige, with a Foreword by Field-Marshal J. C. Smuts. *Oxford University Press.* 21s.

faithfully describe this unhappy clash of the two contrasted cultures, but point to no solution. Is there any, this reviewer asks, short of the adoption of a socialist or co-operative economy?

In sum, this is a book as informing as it is disturbing. The authors give us so much, that it may seem churlish to point to some rather serious omissions: they include, for example, no account of the Lovedu burial rite or their attitude to birth and death, nor any description of their land-tenure. There are many pages of rather minute detail, which might with advantage have been relegated to notes or an appendix. But as a whole the book, even for those of us who are not specialists, is as readable as it is important.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

A FARMER AHEAD OF HIS TIMES

The Clifton Park System of Farming. By ROBERT H. ELLIOT. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Sixty years ago Robert Elliot, a Roxburghshire landowner, began to take an active interest in his estate. He found a situation with which our generation is not unfamiliar. Agriculture was depressed, landowners and farmers were in financial difficulties, industrial interests were omnipotent, cheap food (particularly cereals) was flooding the country, artificial fertilisers were being pressed upon the farmer by merchants and commercial firms.

Elliot was guided by four main principles in his efforts to adapt agriculture to these circumstances. They were:

1. The success of our agriculture depends upon the cheapening of production.
2. The cheapest food for stock is grass.
3. The cheapest manure for soil is a turf composed largely of deep-rooting plants.
4. The cheapest, deepest and best tillers, drainers and warmers of soil are roots.

Like a good landowner, he took in hand the worst part of his estate at Clifton Park and went to work. He evolved, as a result, the system we now call "ley farming," a "ley" being a field sown with a mixture of grasses and clovers to form a sward, to remain down for a defined number of years. The longer leys are generally left down from four to six years, and Elliot worked on a 4-year ley. That has remained a feature of Border agriculture until this day, but it is Sir George Stapledon who has demonstrated its possibilities throughout the country in our own time, possibilities that have been greatly broadened by Stapledon's own work in breeding grasses and devising pasture mixtures that enable pasture to be far more quickly established. It is very fitting, therefore, that Stapledon should have written the introduction to a new edition of Robert Elliot's book in which Elliot describes his work. But this book is far more than a record of a farming experiment. It is full of wisdom about the soil and its management, and although the first edition was published for private circulation in 1898, some of what was then written is still ahead of our times. In particular it should be read by those who are not farmers but want to understand something about agriculture.

Elliot put first the care and nourishment of the soil, but the system as a whole was designed to throw more emphasis upon livestock husbandry, where he felt our agricultural future lay, and less upon corn-growing, where he believed we would always be subject to competition from countries growing it more cheaply. This did not mean that he eliminated corn-growing. On the contrary, some corn was an essential part in his farming rotation of roots: corn: roots: corn: four years in ley. But it meant a decreased amount of corn-growing in the 8-year period in which, in effect, he grew four crops (two of corn and two of roots) on the accumulated fertility built up on four years in grass. Elliot regarded the grass, impregnated with the dung and urine of livestock and then turned in by the plough after four years, as a cheap and effective system of composting the land. By this method Elliot found that when he had been round a particular field twice or more with the complete rotation, he could dispense with artificial manures. If that were indeed the case—and we must remember that he was a keen observer not averse to the use of artificials—here is food for thought. It ties up with some of the most recent research work I saw in the U.S.A. at Madison Research Station, Wisconsin, in 1941. There they were trying to find the best way of putting nitrogen into the soil by such means as farmyard manure and sulphate of ammonia, alone and in conjunction and by other methods. That which had given the best results, they told me, was by ploughing up the deep-rooted alfalfa (lucerne) which had collected nitrogen from the air in its root-nodules.

Was Elliot nearer the mark than many so far have believed? Will the turned-in sward, with deep-rooted plants, replace artificial manures, and, for that matter, the dung-cart? Was he right in being emphatic about the value of chicory, burnet, rib-grass and other deep-rooted plants in the pasture mixture, not only as "tillers, drainers and warmers of the soil," but as herbs whose leaves are peculiarly rich in minerals and therefore valuable to the grazing animal? In this respect we know now that cattle on what we once thought were the "best" pasture will leave it from time to time, if they have the chance, to graze an unimproved part where "weeds" abound. Being a great man, Sir George Stapledon is also a modest one, and so he is the first to say how little we really know about these things, how wide is the field for further knowledge that pioneers and observers such as Robert Elliot throw open. "It is high time," he says, "that the agricultural scientist pondered anew the teaching of Elliot."

L. F. EASTERBROOK

PRIVATE SECS. OR PROFS.?

How the War Came to America. By FORREST DAVIS and ERNEST K. LINDLEY. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Impact of the War on America. Six Lectures by Members of the Faculty of Cornell University. *Cornell University Press.* 12*s.*

Batteries of telephones are ringing; dockets, briefs, memoranda, minutes, notes, drafts, and secret telegrams pile up on the desks of the private secretaries; an ambassador reports, men whose names are on the lips of the public pass in and out, and as they pass they drop a word to the secretaries hoping to pick up a morsel of gossip or the right line to shoot to-day. While decisions are being taken, countermanded, retaken, the President's lunch is brought in on a tray. History, great events, are palpably in the making. And in such leisure moments as are left to them, Pamphilius and Sempronius are themselves jotting down a note or two—what Cordell said, how Tony Biddle looked and how far opinion in Congress had shifted between last Tuesday and to-day. Three hundred miles away, a few professors are sitting in Cornell University with books of reference on their knees. Both parties are engaged in writing contemporary history. Which will be more likely to be true?

Loyally we reply, "History written by the Profs." We read their book. Ruefully we exclaim: "By The Private Secs." And yet we are not quite sure. With Mr. Davis and Mr. Lindley we are assuredly at the centre of the web. Their book is alive—alive with the personalities, the hesitations, the premeditated indiscretions, the bargains and compromises of statesmen. The Administration itself is speaking. It is the tale of American foreign policy from the fall of France to Pearl Harbour. We see the President and Mr. Churchill arguing over the transfer of bases for destroyers—the President wants an honest to God horse trade, the Prime Minister a free gift between friends. We see Admiral Leahy setting out for Vichy, Kurusu arriving in Washington. Every quirk nuance, conversation of importance seems to be recorded in this book. We put it down with a clear picture of the President's extraordinary intuitive knowledge of the game of politics, when to lie low, how to fly a kite, when to cajole his opponents and how to baby the country along. It is a book for the British to read and mark how foreign are the springs of American foreign policy; how it is not one policy but many policies depending on which group in the State Department is able to gain a decision. The authors appear to be at pains to show how every decision was the only possible decision to be taken at that particular moment when all the conflicting interests in the Administration, the country and of foreign states were taken into account. It is in fact the Principia of Expediency.

This is undoubtedly history as it is lived and made. Yet why are outsiders like ourselves, members of the public, unsatisfied? Perhaps it is because these private secretaries are at such pains to point out that the Administration was prepared to back Britain in 1940 not for the essential reason that we alone were fighting for freedom, but simply because it was a good bet that we would hold out. We remember uneasily the support given to Vichy which culminated in the Darlan episode. We mark the attitude to the Finns. Is self interest alone the root of foreign policy? But the real reason why we are dissatisfied is that the private secretaries and the profs., or ourselves, are not talking the same language. True, the metier is English; but spoken at such vast distances that they can hardly hear, let alone understand, each other. Prof. Royal Montgomery checks cost-raising tendencies against the Federal Wages and Hours Act. He debates strikes in terms of increased costs. The private secretaries see the labour situation in terms of Lewis's personal animosity to the President. We judge contemporary history in the light of what we think ought to be done on grounds of morality and liberality (we are naturally convinced of our prescience on these matters); and, like Prof. de Kiewiet on the U.S. and the British Empire, judge politics by what should be if men were only for an instant sensible.

We are not much interested in balancing conflicting interests; we are for decency, morality, fair play. But the private secretaries shake their heads. They don't know what we mean. Support a left wing faction in Ruragonia? Do you mean support X who has no following, or Y who is an emigré, they ask with a bewildered expression on their faces. What are you doing, we demand, to settle the differences between the Federated Board and the Union of Artisans? They look at us with pity. Evidently we do not know that the chiefs of these two great concerns cannot sit at the same table together. Then do you support, we continue . . . but they are off. They can waste no time with people so divorced from reality. They have to deal with the problems and decisions of to-day and reach the best compromise possible to keep the machine of State running. They must compromise between what ought to be and what the departments consider is feasible. They must exert their influence—for private secretaries like Mr. Lindley have great influence—and keep surf-riding on the top of the tricky breaker of affairs of State. A subject and a bureaucrat are clean different things.

Political history has been under the cloud of economic history these last years. But if one turns the remarkable pages of Trevelyan's history of England under the Stuarts, one will read a fascinating account of politics under Charles II.

Politics appear to have a purpose, policies are logical, the end is sure. The researcher into the documents of the period, however, no doubt thinks that its politics were not so simple as the professor's bold generalisations would suggest. The researcher sees only the contradictions; he denies a pattern exists

What in effect has occurred is that in order to make the twenty-five years of that reign intelligible in a few pages, the professor has had to paint in the style of Turner; the researcher sees a Canaletto—if he is lucky. Very few can envisage a picture at all. And such is the difficulty with American politics. Just as in Charles II's reign, there is no policy. A broad directive on the lines

of the Atlantic Charter is laid down, and within those wide limits, factions contend. Under the microscope of research merely expediency will be found. Indeed, one has only to read the professors' book to realise how difficult it is to turn American contemporary events into history. The diversity, the infinite variety of patterns, the lines that aimlessly confuse the design, present for the researcher in American contemporary history the most intriguing problems. Will the political historian master them? Will he produce at some time in the future an exciting, convincing story of what is now the present? Professor Brogan is in the field. Who follows in his train?

NOEL ANNAN

HARRIET MARTINEAU

Harriet Martineau. By JOHN CRANSTOUN NEVILL. *Muller.* 5s.

I suppose that few people ever read nowadays the once famous *Illustrations of Political Economy*; and, outside the specialist, neither the account of her American travels nor her really admirable History of England from 1815 to the repeal of the Corn Laws has managed to contrive for Harriet Martineau more than the faint shadow of immortality. Yet there was a time when the little deaf girl from Norwich was, Queen Victoria apart, perhaps the best-known woman in England. Great hostesses sent their carriages to bring her to their receptions; cabinet ministers sent her advance copies of blue books; even Lord Brougham treated her with politeness, though, characteristically, he cheated her out of the hundred pounds he promised her for her tales. It is difficult to think of any Englishwoman, in the field of social inquiries, who did better work than Harriet Martineau until Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Mr. Nevill's brief biography is a model of its kind. He tells a straightforward tale with clarity, and he makes every page of it interesting. No one would claim for Miss Martineau originality or imagination. But she had great courage, an amazing power of work, and an intellectual integrity which neither the desire for fame nor the need for comfort could touch. When she found the religion in which she had been brought up untenable, she said so, quite simply and straightforwardly, even though it meant that, for most of her life, her brother, the eminent Unitarian divine, never spoke to her again. She bore uncomplainingly her heavy burdens of deafness, ill-health and a mother who seemed anxious to be cruel to Harriet in the proportion that she owed her gratitude. When she visited the United States she announced her support of the Abolitionists although she knew that this meant a torrent of abuse, and even some physical risk. She had always to work for her living; and no one who reads Mr. Nevill's account of a normal day in her life can fail to admire the zealous devotion with which she applied herself to her tasks. She was almost always clear-headed and generous-minded. What she had to say she said with a vigour and a pungency which make her *History*, for example, a document of real importance for its time. Probably no one did more than she did to make the classical political economy the accepted orthodoxy of her day. She was a real pioneer in winning an important place for women in journalism; and her adaptation of Comte still remains the best summary of the positive philosophy. She was never mean, never spiteful, and never jealous. There are few things more charming in the literary history of the nineteenth century than Mrs. Gaskell's account of her meeting with Charlotte Brontë. "The very little bright-haired sprite . . . looking not above fifteen . . . who went red all over with pleasure" when Harriet told her that *Jane Eyre* was "a first-rate book" probably got more encouragement from Miss Martineau than from anyone except Thackeray.

No doubt she had her eccentricities—her enthusiasm for mesmerism and, therefrom, for that Mr. Atkinson in whom she found what Charlotte Brontë described as "a combination of the Greek sage of antiquity with the modern European man of science," seems to us now more like an unhappy effort to find love instead of acquaintance; and it is difficult not to be amused that she should combine so fervid an infidelity with a capacity to be shocked at Charlotte Brontë's forthright insistence that the love of men and women dwells in the realm of the flesh as well as in that of the spirit. Mr. Nevill is wholly fair in emphasising her moral arrogance; and her humbler neighbours at Ambleside must often have been divided between irritation at her intellectual condescension and pleasure in her kindly generosity.

Mr. Nevill has brought out admirably in his little book the energy and devotion and courage of a very remarkable woman. She overcame immense handicaps, some personal to herself and her family, others rooted in the circumstances of her time. She overcame them, too, without ever becoming a bitter or frustrated person. She had a fine and deep humanitarianism which made her the ally of most of the great causes of her time. She lived in a temper of noble independence, and whatever she achieved was the outcome of her own efforts. She faced a hard life with courage and serenity, and she took its many bitter blows without complaint. Mr. Nevill has written the life of a woman the knowledge of whose honesty and devotion renews one's faith in the dignity of human nature.

HAROLD J. LASKI

THE BROTHER-IN-LAW

Appeasement's Child. By THOMAS J. HAMILTON. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

While the stock of General Franco has fallen heavily in England since the war, this has, generally speaking, been due to his attachment to Germany, rather than to a real understanding of the chaos and misery that he has brought upon his country. Compared with the quarrelsome and deluded Red factions, Franco had the merit (it was thought) of being free from wild ideas. Law and order would be restored; and although Fascism was romanticism in its most decadent stage, many influential people managed to convince themselves that it was nevertheless orderly, practical and efficient. This delusion still persists as an underground nostalgia in spite of the war; indeed, the war keeps it in cold storage. The arguments of patriotism and self-interest, the passions of war, distract us from remembering that Fascism is not only inhumane, but an unrealistic, disorderly and stultifying condition of mind.

This is a truism, but after reading Mr. Hamilton's excellent report of life in Franco's Spain until 1941, one cannot help saying it again. Mr. Hamilton, who was the correspondent of the New York *Times* in Madrid, and who took his wife and child to live there with him, has been able to give an extremely valuable and almost domestically intimate picture of what General Franco has done. It is a detached picture done in that spirit of stern and insatiable homely curiosity which is one of the great American qualities; and Mr. Hamilton's conclusion was that Franco was an under-estimated enemy of America, first of all, and of the Allied Nations. The book was written, of course, before the complete victory in Africa and the Italian collapse, and Mr. Hamilton's warning about strategy have lost their force. But Spain owed little but the trapping of Fascism to Italy; the Germans at Hendaye have always been the reality in Franco's mind—and also in the unhappy minds of his wretched people. And in Latin-America he is still a nuisance to us.

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Looking at Mr. Hamilton's detailed, factual picture, into which so little emotional colour has been introduced, the historian would say, first of all, that Spain has again shown her stubborn sectarian hatred of all government. The "Reds" muddled and quarrelled, but their errors, which had some excuse in the frantic atmosphere of civil war and international betrayal, have been fantastically surpassed by Franco, who has the country to himself and at peace. The incompetence—one should perhaps say the egotism—of Spaniards is chronic, and many of the farces which Mr. Hamilton describes are exactly what went on in Spanish life under all the Governments of the last hundred years or more. The trait is one that has charm only in periods of prosperity and in times when the humanity of the people oils the jolting wheels. In times of poverty, starvation and vindictiveness, the charm becomes an ugly cynicism. There was starvation in the south when Mr. Hamilton was there. In pretty Carmona, a little white town on its hill with a look of Rye or Winchelsea about it, they were distributing bread only to those who looked as though they would live. Children tramped the roads to the next town, hoping to find a meal there. Nothing was to be had in their homes. The areas of starvation were erratic; but in places where a certain amount of food was available, the contrast beween what the rich could get and the little that was left for the poor reached a degree of shamelessness uncommon even in Spain. The stupidity of the Spanish rich, who are putting a rope round their necks once more, is unexampled in history. What else could be expected? Nepotism had always been accepted. And the effect of Franco's regime was to impose a vastly larger load of privileged groups upon the country.

Contrary to the general belief, the material destruction caused by the civil war in Spain was not very great. Irun, at the frontier, was kept in ruins for the benefit of the tourist or because the town had no importance. But the loss of life had been huge. Over a million people were killed in the civil war, which is as large as the casualties of the whole of the British Empire between 1914 and 1918. Franco's first step was to add largely to that total by executions. He then kept scores of thousands of skilled workmen in gaol; and no man who was politically tainted could hope for employment. For the unemployed there was no relief. Or nearly no relief, for the funds of the Auxilio Social (a copy of Hitler's Winter Relief) were as insignificant as its publicity was huge. The most a man might hope for was about 17 pesetas a month, say, a shilling or two shillings a week. This was Franco's temper when his country was short of oil and coal, when its transport system was totally disorganised, and when he had little foreign exchange. It is true that he had strokes of bad luck, though he could hardly claim that he had no part in helping on the European war, or that the policy of guns instead of butter was a propitious one. But there were two disastrous harvests. There were also serious floods on the Guadalquivir. Yet when one reads of the ideas which occurred to his Government at this time one must be struck by the tragic absurdity of its inspiration. Back to Philip II! They *did* go back to Philip II. In a country where the very towns and villages conduct themselves as if they are independent States, Franco imposed a totally centralised government. The very mayors were appointed from headquarters. Like Philip in the Escorial, Franco's men wrote their way painfully, blind as moles, through a mountain of papers and instructions. The famous vertical syndicates overlapped, and, of course, turned into violently quarrelling bodies. Instead of getting the progressive industries of the Basque provinces and Catalonia on their feet once more, the regime thwarted and persecuted them, because of their separatism and their part in the war; and there were mad schemes like the one for starting an automobile industry in Madrid, which is remote from all sources of raw material. But of course, plans and projects abounded. The Spaniards have always excelled in blue prints for the future. There was an irrigation plan, for example, for Franco had naturally given back the confiscated estates and had made it clear that he had no intention of dealing with the agrarian question. His crowning folly—an act of quixotism among modern States nowadays—was to pay back his debt to Germany. He paid roughly a year's exports to Germany and, of course, got nothing in return. This in a country which was dying for lack of foreign exchange. A characteristic result of rigidly controlled life and industry was the reappearance of that ancient Spanish convenience, the "fixer" or agent, who arranges all the formalities, gets you your ration book, your car licence, your export permit, the innumerable official interviews, on commission, and, when necessary, distributes the bribes. Under Franco Spain has deserted regeneration for parody.

Franco himself now lives like a monarch in retirement. Cautious, narrow, procrastinating, colourless and vain, he is both protected and weakened by the fact that the Germans are at Hendaye. He is strong because the Phalange is hated; he is weak because the Spanish people are crying out for help that can come only from outside. Workers and monarchists are in contact with each other. Mr. Hamilton is exceedingly interesting on the political intrigues, and especially on the subject of the split with Suñer, who seemed to have been chosen as the Spanish Laval. The quarrel is a mysterious one. As is well known, Franco and Suñer are brothers-in-law. Perhaps it became irritating for the chieftain to hear himself called "the most famous brother-in-law in Spain."

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE HARROW REPLICAS

Purcell and Handel in Bickham's Entertainer, 30*s*. **Parthenia**, by BYRD, JOHN BULL AND ORLANDO GIBBONS, 35*s*. **Organ Prelude in B Minor**, by J. S. BACH, 15*s*. **The Autograph of Three Masters**, 10*s*. 6*d*. *W. Heffer*.

How dull and glaring the published music of to-day looks, when put beside these gay masterpieces of early engraving! What charm and elegance in the baroque girl at the virginals, portrayed as a frontispiece! Her tumbling hair follows the whorls of the lettering, with all its elaborate paraphs; her decently lowered eyelids are drawn with the same light touch that strings the semi-quavers; and often, fluttering the pages, one is uncertain whether these are staves of highly ornate music or the leafy branches of poplar or aspen. By the eighteenth century the engraving process had been perfected, with the result that the page, though still exquisite, has not the same poetic freedom—as of a definite work of art. But the *en-têtes*, on the other hand, are even more fantastically pretty, as are the pen-cadenzas which surround the titles. We are less self-confidently exuberant to-day. It seems probable that the glum propriety of perfect plainness which secures the masterpieces of contemporary music is at least preferable to the *art nouveau* pictures on the covers of Edwardian valses—though not, I think, to the vignette of Vesuvius (with peasants, or perhaps a brigand lurking behind a rock) that would preface, in the editions of a hundred years ago, a set of florid variations by Moscheles, Herz or Thalberg.

The MS. replicas have an interest of a different order, though the swooping tails characteristic of Bach's quavers give to his page the look of something reflected in a wildly faulty mirror. Character must be to some extent as deducible from MS. music as from handwriting, and it would be interesting to possess the graphological data sufficient to "read" the natures of Bach, Beethoven and Schubert from these admirably reproduced pages.

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EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Twenty-five Caricatures. By G. B. TIEPOLO. *De la More Press, Arcade Gallery Ltd.* 15*s.*

These are admirable reproductions of the drawings now on show at the Arcade Gallery (15 Royal Arcade), just out of Old Bond Street. They are a positive pleasure to look at, and offer some pleasing problems to boot. For instance, in what sense are they caricatures? That "these are the very persons we read about in Casanova and Goldoni" . . . that "this is how the eighteenth-century Venetian really appeared," as Mr. Osbert Lancaster maintains in his lively preface, appears improbable. Obviously the drawings, extracted from a sketch book, are part of a series, and it would be tempting to suppose that they represented a troupe of actors—some of the figures are masked—or marionettes, in familiar roles, were it not that there is not a single woman amongst them. Also the curious can seek in this variegated cavalcade figures that have influenced later draughtsmen. Mr. Lancaster suggests, if that is not too strong a word, toys with the fancy that Rowlandson may have taken a hint from Nos. 9 and 16; certainly No. 2 reminds one strongly of a figure by Goya, and notoriously Goya was influenced by Tiepolo. Be that as it may, these reproductions are excellent—businesslike and unpretentious; the drawings themselves are brilliant, No. 25 being perhaps the best of the bunch; but it is a mistake to compare them with things by Watteau or Ingres. The album is cheap at fifteen shillings, and it is to be hoped that the Arcade Gallery will persevere.

Week-end Competitions

No. 705

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for the weirdest examples of human or animal behaviour in poetry. Actual quotations (not more than 15 lines long), together with their sources, are wanted.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 16th.
2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION No. 702

Set by Catherine Carswell

Yeats wrote the line, "The slow black oxen of the years." Equally true, or more so, would be "*The swift white greyhounds of the years.*" Competitors are asked for verse quotations, not exceeding two lines, with impromptu alternatives which reverse the statement while expressing equal or greater truth.

Report by Catherine Carswell

Yeats never wrote that line. He wrote:

"The years like great black oxen tread the world."

Only one reader—and that not a competitor—has informed me of my lamentable lapse. The editor, fully informed, is magnanimous. To all I tender my shame-faced apologies, and I invite a booby prize by way of execration or exultation according to temperament. For this cock-eyed contest there are close upon 200 entries, from the obvious "*All's wrong with the world*" to the sensitive re-rendering of Beaumarchais's "Je me presse de rire de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer" into "*Je me presse de pleurer de tout, de peur d'être obligé d'en rire,*" offered as a "suitable motto for Ed., N.S. & N." but otherwise ineligible because prose. Considerable dissatisfaction with the poets as truth-tellers is revealed, and rough play is made with familiar tags. It ranges from facetiousness to flat-footed rudeness. Self-evident truths are not easily stated with poetic neatness. The war provides many black-tinted spectacles. Some shy or sly entrants are barred, by the request for impromptu lines, when quoting one poet against another. Some, I regret to note (among them a frequent prize-winner), misquote their tags. Not for me to report the names of such minor offenders.

With difficulty from this confused arena I select as worthy of note: "Towanbucket's" "*One leisure hour of inner life Is worth an age of blood-streaked fame*"; "Postscript's" "*What is this life if, free from worry, We have no means whereby to hurry*"; D. W. Barker's "*Plain thinking and high living are no more*; Stanley Sharpless's "*How feebly does that candle throw his beams; So shines a good deed in a naughty world*"; Leslie Johnson's "*Man wants a good deal here below, And wants that good deal long*"; C.K.Y.M.'s "*Scan not thyself, but turn thy seeking mind On God, the proper study of mankind*"; John Coutts's "*For I could love thee twice as much, Loved I not honour more*"; and Jas. J. Nevin's "*Tell us now in lisping numbers, Life is just a scrumptious scream.*"

To save space and show confidence the originals of these examples are omitted. The examples fairly represent an overwhelming preference for the moral, as opposed to the abstract or aesthetic restatement. Parody has ruled.

I divide first place and three guineas between three double entries: these from W. J. P.—

"tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacisque imponere morem."
sufferre imperium Gothicum, Romane, memento
(hoc tibi dedecus est), pacemque orare Britannos.

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."
I am the instrument of Chance;
I am the servant of my Id.

these from John Brook—

"Blest pair of Sirens; pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, Voice and Verse."
Curst blare of sirens, spawn of Hell's delight,
Air-borne discordant harpies, Noise—and worse!

"Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud-uplifted angel trumpets blow."
Where the dim crooning-boys in ashen row
Their low and muted devil's trumpets blow.

and these from W. H. G. Price, who submits (from an R.N. hospital ward) "What Shakespeare might have said of lend-lease"—

Both a borrower and a lender be,
For borrowing whets the edge of comradeship

besides what Leigh Hunt might say instead of

". . . and think how we shall take
Our own calm journey on for human sake."
. . . *and think how we* shan't *take*
Our crowded journey on—for Britain's sake.

This leaves a third award of one guinea for division between "Didymus" for his conversion of Shelley's

"From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure."
From the accession of the mind's slow gain
He is cut off,

and Lieut. Sidebotham who, in an Army hut, reflects that

Soot-grimed lads and girls all may
As angels shine like golden day.

Neither "W. J. P." nor John Brook gave references for their quotations. Their latitude is excused.

ASSOCIATED BRITISH PICTURE

THE sixteenth ordinary general meeting of Associated British Picture Corporation, Limited, was held on August 4th in London.

Mr. P. A. Warter, who presided, said that excluding Union Cinemas, Limited, they had built up reserves in the Corporation for depreciation and amortisation amounting to £2,250,000. In addition, the reserves and undistributed profits totalled £1,750,000, and it was hoped that at the present rate of progress those would shortly reach a figure equal to the entire ordinary share capital.

Last year the chairman had sounded a note of caution that E.P.T., whilst it remained at 100 per cent., would adversely affect the profits. The position was now clarified and, although there was a reduction in the net profit after charging taxation, the decrease was not large, and not so great as was at one time anticipated.

With the stabilisation referred to and the good trading profits and, so far as one could judge, the better prospects in the current year, the Board felt justified in recommending a final dividend on the ordinary stock of 7½ per cent., making 15 per cent., with, in addition, a bonus of 2½ per cent. for the year ending March 31st last.

Now that they owned the entire ordinary and "A" ordinary shares in Union Cinemas, Limited, it was proposed to extend Union's accounting period to March 31st, 1944, so as to coincide with that of the Corporation. That would be of particular advantage, as Union Cinemas, Limited, represented an important part of their structure, and the results had shown considerable and continuous improvement.

It was always difficult to make a forecast, especially in times like these, but, unless anything unforeseen occurred, the results of the financial year they were now in should be, to say the least of it, as good as last year. The report was adopted.

Schools and Educational

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WANTED. Furnished house or flat, Hampstead, Finchley, Golders Green. Box 1286.

YOUNG couple req. small furn. abode in Home Counties. Box 1177.

GT. MISSENDEN. Wnted. House, cottage, flat, pref. unfurn., mod. rental, for young scientist and wife. Occupy early Sept. Box 1217.

BRISTOL. Urgent. Can any reader accommodate another and wife with unfurnished flat at moderate rent? Box 1250.

WANTED, furnished or unfurnished house or bungalow, or apartments. Country district, Cotswold or Chiltern Hills, Berks or surrounding areas. Long let. Box 1319.

SECONDARY school teacher requires self-contained unfurnished flat, preferably Woodford-Wanstead district, early September. Watson, 48 Park House, Welwyn Garden City.

ACCOMMODATION. Lady prepared to rent or buy house. Would share. Or two unfurnished rooms. Metroland. Wright, 65 Hill Rise, Rickmansworth.

BUSINESS woman (officer's wife) reqs. s/c. flatlette, 2 rooms, kit., b room, furn. unfurn., Bedford Park or Chiswick district. Box 1316.

YOUNG Couple, baby expected October, urg. req. unfurn. flat house. Would share, London area. Write: 9 Pantiles, N.W.11.

Entertainments

MAYAKOVSKY: 90th Anniversary Commemoration. Readings by Herbert Marshall. 7.30, Thurs., Aug. 12th, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1. Tickets (inc. refreshments) 1s. 6d., from S. C. R., 98 Gower St., W.C.1.

ARTS (TEM. 7541). Festival of English Comedy. The Rivals, Constant Couple, The Magistrate, Misalliance. Th. Mem., 5s.

PLAYHOUSE (Whi 7774), nightly at 6.30; Mats., Thurs., Sats., 2.30. The Old Vic. Company, in "The Russians," a new Soviet play by Konstantin Simonov, produced by Tyrone Guthrie. Last week.

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, in the Reading Room (1st Floor) Polytechnic, Upper Regent St. Mon. next, Aug. 9th, at 7.30 p.m. Scott Goddard on the Music of Arthur Bliss (with records, etc.). Admission (non-members), 1s. 6d. Full particulars of membership from Secretary, 295 Regent St., W.1. (LAN 2572).

GERALD Cooper Chamber Concerts (auspices of Chamber Concert Society). British Music, Old and New. Wigmore Hall. To-day (Sat.), Aug. 7th, at 3. Denise Lassimonne, Peter Pears, Benjamin Britten, Grinke-Forbes-Phillips Trio, works by Lawes, Gibbons, Purcell, Bax, etc. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Hall. Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore St.

LUNCH-TIME Music daily (recorded). St. Sepulchre's, Holborn Viaduct. Free.

PROMENADE Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7 till Aug. 21st, B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Sir Henry Wood. Associate Conductor: Sir Adrian Boult. 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. Prom. (doors only), 2s. Details at Hall. (Ken. 3661.)

Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

ESSEX Art Club, 44th Annual Exhibition at Tech. College, Forest Rd., Walthamstow. Daily from 2.30–8, Aug. 2–14. Admission free.

HOGARTH and English Caricature, AIA Exhibition, 84 Charlotte St., W.1. Open 12—3 and 5.30—8; Sats., 12—6. Wed., Aug. 11th, at 7.30. Osbert Lancaster: A Modern Cartoonist on Old Caricature. Sat., 5 p.m.: guide lecture by Dr. F. D. Klingender.

"WHAT is a Baha'i?"—a series of talks—Baha'i Centre, 46 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. Sundays, 3.30 p.m. August 8th: "Man Made in the Image of God."

COMMUNIST Policy on Housing. Lecturer: Isabel Brown. Films. Cambridge Theatre, Aug. 8th, 6 p.m. Adm. 2s.

"INDIA'S Fight for Freedom." Public meeting. Aug. 9th, 7 p.m., Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Speakers: Mrs. Hydri Bhattacharya, Dr. N. Gangulee, V. S. Sasthry, Kartar Singh, S. P. Mithra and others. Adm. free. Swarai House, and Hindustani Social Club.

COMMUNIST Party Meetings every Sunday, 3 to 8 p.m. Hyde Park.

H. C. DENT on "Youth in the Community"; also Russian film "Road to Life," 2.15 p.m. Sun., August 15th. Tickets on application or at door. Secretary, Morley College Youth Advisory Committee, 61 Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

"BRITAIN Sets the Pace," Barbara Ward on International repercussions Beveridge, Sept. 9th. City readers interested write Social Security League, 51 Tothill Street, S.W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Arts Centre, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2. August 6th, Marjorie Gullan reading from the Romantic Poets. Aug. 13th, A. V. Coton on "The Decline and Fall of Romantic Ballet." 7.30. Adm. 2s.

Conference and Summer School

"THE Place of Community Centres in Post-War Development." Week-end Conference on September 18th at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, and on September 19th at the Great Hall, British Medical Association, Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Speakers include Dr. Ernest Barker, Sir Robert Wood (Deputy Secretary, Board of Education), Mr. Manzoni (Engineer and Surveyor to Birmingham City Corporation), and Mr. E. J. Savage (Education Officer L.C.C.) Programmes, particulars from Secretary, National Council of Social Service, 26 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

REFUGEE Youth Summer Camp, Chessington, Surrey. July 31st–Sept. 4th. Costs (incl. fares) approx. £1 10s. p.w. Part-time agric. work (Union wages). Free German Youth Office, 12 Belsize Park, N.W.3. PRImrose 1595.

Fellowships

RESEARCH Fellowship. The Selly Oak Colleges offers Fellowship of £500 a year for one or two years for research into the purpose and methods of Adult Education. Applications by 23rd August, 1943, to Registrar, Selly Oak Colleges, Birmingham, 29, from whom applic. form and partics. can be obtained.

PROVISIONAL National Council for Mental Health. Fellowships up to £100 are offered for six months' training in educational and clinical psychology. Applicants must have Honours Degree in Psychology or its equivalent, together with teaching experience or other experience with children acceptable to the appointing Committee. Details and forms of application—to be returned Aug. 25th—from 24 Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1.

Typing and Literary

WRITE for Profit. Send 4d. for booklet. Regent Institute (191A), Palace Gate, W.8.

CONTRIBUTORS, experienced in trade, able and willing to bring their best abilities to bear, invited to communicate with the editor of old-estab. journal. Regular opportunities. Write Box "A.B.," c/o 95 Bishopsgate, E.C.2.

Appointments Vacant and Wanted

None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit to allow her to obtain employment by individual efforts.

WAR Service with the Y.W.C.A. Leaders and Assistants needed in clubs for women in H.M. Forces in many parts of the country. Knowledge of catering, snack cookery and/or ability to organise informal recreation. Salaries, £80–£150 resident; non-resident to scale. Interviews can generally be arranged locally. Women under 41 can be accepted for these posts subject to obtaining a permit from the Ministry of Labour. Applicants (not over 55 years) should write to the Personnel Secretary, Y.W.C.A. National Offices, 16 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

RUSSIAN Language edition of quarterly journal requires translators who have expert knowledge of some branch of pure or applied science. Box 1416.

REQUIRED, September, well-educated woman to teach secretarial subjects, shorthand, typewriting and simple book-keeping, copy of testimonials and sal. required to be sent to: Miss Foulkes' Sec. Training College, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3.

KILQUHANITY House, Castle Douglas, Scotland, requires a teacher of Art, beginning Sept. John M. Aitkenhead, Headmaster.

THE Birmingham Co-operative Society, Ltd., requires a Youth Organiser to assist in the development of the Co-operative Youth Organisation (age range 7 to 20 years) in area of Birmingham Society. Salary, £325, plus war bonus (at present 18s. men and 17s. women). Full-time Club Leader for an established mixed club (14-20 years). Salary, £275, plus war bonus (as above). Details and applic. forms (to be returned by Aug. 28th) from Educ. Dept., Birmingham Co-operative Soc., Ltd., High St., Birmingham 4.

SERVICE of Youth. Wanted in September next, Tutor (woman) for training Youth Leaders. The post will be combined with that of Organiser of the Youth Centre at Bishop's Stortford, under the Herts Education Authority. Candidates must have had active experience of work in Clubs for young people. Salary accord. to qualifications and ex. Apply to the Principal, Hockerill Training College, Bishop's Stortford.

WANTED immediately at refugee hostels: 1. At hostel for elderly men and women needing special understanding, woman as warden, or married couple (husband gardener and wife warden). Household of 25. Knowledge German an advantage. 2. At children's hostel (ages 3-13): cook for household of 20; experienced gardener, chiefly for food production; children's helper, fully or partly trained. Either married couples or single persons considered. Write Friends Committee, Bloomsbury House, W.C.1.

SHORTHAND-TYPIST(S), exempt, good speeds, exp., req. by London bus. firm evacuated to Manor House, 2 miles from main line rly. junction in North Oxon. Might suit mother with child who could be accommodated at House, or two or three friends who could share small cottage in grounds. Good wages. State experience, age, speeds and nationality. Box 1320.

MAINTENANCE and pocket money offered war widow, etc., of intelligent interests, with/without small child, return care house and second baby. Bromley. Box 1419.

CHILDREN'S holiday help required, preferably able to swim and cycle. Coles, 97 College Road, Epsom. Tel.: Epsom 1632.

ADELPHI Dance Co. require Stage Manager, Sept. Know, elect., simple carpentry. Also dancer. Sec., 41 Kingsway, S.W.14.

ODAM Hill Children's Farm, Romansleigh, South Molton, Devon, moderately progressive school, requires, September, a Froebel-trained teacher for 6-7 years group. Also trained or experienced person to take charge nursery group. Mothers with children welcomed.

RESIDENTIAL Nursery near Newmarket. Wanted immediately woman to take responsibility for 24 children under five. Training or experience essential. Write giving full details to Friends' War Relief Service, Friends House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

GLASGOW School of Art. Applications invited for post of Senior Assistant in Drawing and Painting Department of above. Salary, £575 p.a. Applications, stating age, qual., exp., accompanied by testimonials, to acting Sec., 167 Renfrew St., Glasgow, C.3, by August 16th.

WANTED end Sept., resid. superintendent evacuated Nursery School, 54 children, Burnham Scale 3, Scale 4, 100 children on return to London. Hon. Sec., St. Leonards Nursery School, Bedwell Park, Essendon, Herts.

WANTED: Voluntary evening and week-end workers (men and women) to act as local Organisers for National Youth Movement. Write for particulars: J.T.S., Bristol House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

TUTOR wanted to teach English to elderly Jewish lady in N.W. 3 area. Two or three lessons per week. Box 1275.

RESIDENT teacher, with Froebel or similar qualification and French, for small group of eight or ten year old children. Apply Beverley School, nr. Blair Atholl, Perthshire.

PREP. School, Herts. Req. asst. res. master. Latin and English subs. Rugger coaching desir. Salary £150/£200 accdg. to qualif. Box H 2954, 10 Hertford Street, London, W.1.

WANTED Temp. S/T., 70s.-80s.; odd days/weeks; also typists. 'Phone REG. 3691.

Appointments—continued

BROOKLANDS Nursery School requires Helper. Out-of-school activities, sewing, walks, toilet. Small numbers. Resident.

RESIDENT housekeeper-cook required as warden for small London International Hostel for young people. Apply Box 1439.

WORKING housekeeper-matron wanted for care of children under treatment by Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld, Berkhamsted. Applications, incl. testimonials, to be rec. by Aug. 15.

GOOD home and salary offered French or Swiss girl fond of children, in return general help and first French lessons. Box 1422.

QUAKER Evacuation School needs voluntary helpers. (i) Kindergarten teacher; (ii) domestic helpers, men or women. Pocket money allowance. Headmistress, Yerland Manor School, Yealand Conyers, nr. Carnforth, Lancs.

NANNIE wanted for baby girl, 18 months (v. good child), quiet country home. "Springfield," Ashdon, near Saffron Walden, Essex.

C.O., 30, excellent qualifications, testimonials for Art teaching, reqs. post. Box 1423.

MIDDLE-AGED woman wants literary work. Well read, musical, interested writing and politics. Socialist. Typing. Few weeks, duration, or part-time. Box 1380.

GRADUATE, First Honours Mod. Lit., Sec. Honours Mod. Hist. (taken same time) desires employment. Irish. Age 24. Box 1425.

EDUCATED Girl wants work, Aug./Sept. Pref. board with family; sm. sal. Box 1463.

UNIVERSITY woman wants useful part-time work, Cambridge. Box 1441.

UNIVERSITY woman (46), practical, init., reqs. respon. post school, hostel or sim., nr. Exeter. Catering, cooking, sewing. Box 1264.

INTELLIGENT, well-educated gentlewoman, exempt call-up, desires perm. post, London-Tunbridge Wells area. Competent sec., typing, shorthand, good organiser, practical experience journalism and welfare. Salary £250. Box 1256.

MAN (47) seeks respon. pos., rehabilitation, sch., hostel. Crafts speciality. Box 1254.

WOMAN, intelligent, (41), seeks position, Sept., with progr. politician or journalist. London. Sec. exper. Sh./typg. Box 1249.

UNCONDITIONAL C.O., 25, and wife, seek work with children. Experienced running evacuee hostel. Clerical, typing, gardening knowledge. Progressive school, hostel pref. Wages unimportant. Box 1268.

BRIT. Teacher, Hon. M.A., over age, seeks engag. Lond. dist. Eng., Ger., Span., etc. World-wide exp. A1 testimonials, diplomatic and other. Success lang. exams. Box 1367.

SITUATION wanted. Experienced housework, children. Week-ends off, pocket money. Box C, Smith's Bookshop, Richmond.

TEACHER, 22, male, some experience, university education (Oxon.), requires post of real social service in evacuated school or hostel, fairly accessible London. Box 1354.

EX-JRNLST. C.O., 26, married, seeks prog. farm job, Michaelmas, where intell. will be appreciated. Strong, keen. 3½ yrs. exp. Good cottage. Box 1379.

VEGETARIAN cook, over age, fond of children, light house work, seeks suitable post. Box 1346.

C.O. (24), B.Sc., 1st class hons. maths., seeks work, preferably mathematical or statistical. Box 1314.

EDUCATED lady (42) Refugee, grammatically minded, int. social work, wide bus. exp., gd. organiser, shs. suit. post. Box 1287.

STUDENT (25) exempt, wants congenial part-time work, London. Box 1336.

C.O. ex-schoolmaster (exempt.), seeks work. Exp. gardener, poultry, farming, odd jobs, driver. Ware, Brookside, Coniston, Lancs.

5TH Year Architectural Student, Grade 3, requires outdoor work. Box 1363.

ELECTRICAL Engineer (Pole) desires post. Do most things. Go anywhere. Box 1385.

Specialised Training

THE Dilys Ajax Secretarial College, 29 Devonshire Street, W.1. (WELbeck 2548) gives thorough and prac. training. Individ. tuition. Intensive or part-time courses of des.

Personal

OFFICER (R.A.F.) would appreciate opportunity of hearing good music, records, etc., Shrewsbury,—Shawbury district. Box 1311.

SPARE time work (via post) of any nature wanted. Graduate, first class classics. Box 1310.

ISOLATED Landgirl desires holiday. Beautiful cntry. Possibility lively and intelligent contacts. Grateful for suggestions. Box 1309.

MUSIC student offers to store, play, keep tuned and look after piano at owner's risk, in Earl's Court district. Alternatively will purchase if offered a bargain. Box 1297.

FRENCH and German lessons by highly qualified teacher. Mod. terms. Box 1289.

YOUNG Lady (artist), reqs. accom. with congenial people, Liverpool area. Box 1263.

HEAD Noises and Ear Trouble. Sufferer will gladly send free partics. of cure. No medical treatment. Box 1258.

GURDJIEFF books or pamphlets wanted. Titles, price and general condition to BM/BOMA, London, W.C.1.

CAN reader recommend cure for chronic catarrh of the eyes? Box 1251.

INVISIBLE Mending on burnt, torn and moth-eaten garments (except knitwear) in one week. Send or call. Bell Invisible Menders Ltd., 73 (M) New Bond Street, W.1.

INTERESTED in writing? Half Fees Correspondence Courses at London School of Journalism. Free advice and book from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. MUS. 4574.

For rates and all information see page 82.

Personal—continued

"LIVING": Hostel [illegible] for all. 1/3 [illegible] The Hill, Richmond, Surrey.

LONDON woman offers [illegible] dom. Exchange country [illegible]. Box 1301.

MOTHER (son 2½) wants home, prof. unfurnd. (own furn.). Country nr. Lond. Garden. Share cttge., bnglow, with anor. if relat. sep. livg. Care each oth. childrn., evngs. off. Sensible, prog. outlook. Box 1370.

YOUNG wife of junior officer, child 18 months, another due Feb., urgently requires home, duration, safe rural area within 70 miles London. Furn., unfurn. cottage, flat, rooms, or would share with, and help, another mother. Box 1353.

WILL anyone help widow lady educate her two grandsons, blitz orphans, intelligent, of good family, highest references. Box 1479.

RUSSIAN lady (British by marriage) wishes to give Russian lessons for beginners and advanced. Write Mrs. Dinesmann, 2 Lancaster Drive, N.W.3.

PEACE-quiet-holiday? Old house. Derbyshire walking cntry., gdn., elec. Box 1426.

FRENCH amateur dramatic society composed of French-speaking English people, require members, male and female. Acting experience unnecessary but fluent French essential. Box 1446.

P.G.s taken, autumn and winter. Modern conveniences, £2 weekly. Bazalgette, St. Bridget, Ashburton, South Devon.

YACHTSMAN wanted to complete young mixed party Windermere, August 28th to September 4th. Box 1406.

BACHELOR, 24, medically exempt, as companion secretary, preferably to young man. Educated, experienced, intelligent, artistic, interested music, history. Domesticated, could manage house, London. Box 1435.

TWO furn. rooms to let to couple in exchange catering for owner (educat. man on war work). Richmond 5366.

WANTED. Opportunity keen beginner to practise regularly on idle piano in Hampstead. Miss P. Goodin, 2 Holford Road.

WAR widow (33), arrested T.B., would like to contact another, similar, any age under 50. Idea sharing home in country. Interested social reform. Box 1420.

A POST-WAR Planning Group wish to take over a hostel for Enuretics, where there is scope for experimental work. Box 1413.

WANTED. Russian conversation, evenings. N.2 district. Box 1410.

WANTED Basic Russian Lessons. N.W. London district. Details to "F.F.," c/o Streets, 6 Gracechurch Street, E.C.3.

HUNGARIAN girl would like evening work. Nursing, home help, sec., etc. Box 1372.

CAPTAIN'S wife wishes share a refined house or have separate bedroom and sitting-room with board and attendance, London area, where son, 2 years, can be looked after while she is out all day. In week-ends. Box 1384.

BECHSTEIN Grand Piano, No. 54413. 7ft. 3in. What offers? Seen by appointment. Box 1371.

WOULD anyone fond of country life care for duration home in Sussex cottage? Small payment. Share work. Child not objected to. Box 1352.

FREE holiday in Cornwall, offered Spanish, or Portuguese-speaking lady, in exchange conversation, lessons, etc. Box 1255.

WANTED few weeks Boarding School Holidays. Happy home. 2 boys, 6 and 8. References. Moderate terms. Box 1253.

ALWAYS wanted. Music, especially 18th century or earlier, and Books on Music. Collections and single valuable items. Also Proceedings of the Musical Association. 67 vols., or single vols. O. Haas, 49A Belsize Park Gardens, London, N.W.3. PRImrose 1488.

JULY issue of "La Lettre de la France Combattante" (News of Fighting France), in English, is now on sale. Contents: Achievements of the French Committee of National Liberation in Algiers, General Giraud's London Visit, French Pilots in Russia, etc. Particulars and subscriptions: The Editor, "La Lettre de la France Combattante," 4 Carlton Gdns., S.W.1.

PLAY the piano now. By the world-famous Master Study Course, producing Perfect Pianists through science and psychology. Booklet free for stamp. Mr. Percy Fenn-Macklin, Dominion House, Bartholomew Close, E.C.1.

ORCHARD School, King's Langley, offers accommodation couple and child (7–14), and first-rate education latter in exchange wife's assistance kit. Could engage husband as gardener. Write Principal or Tel. KL 7306.

MONOMARK. Permanent, confidential, blitzproof London address. Letters redirected immediately. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write BM/Mono12, W.C.1.

ITALIAN, highly exper. teacher, has some available time for lessons or translations. Write: R. Tiberi, 49 Gloucester Rd., S.W.7.

SMOKING habit cured. Genuine remedy. Booklet, 3d. (stamps). Victor Institute, Victor House, Colwyn Bay.

LABOUR Monthly, 6d. Post free 7d. Postal subscription 7s. per annum, post free, from Publishers, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3. Contents of August issue: Sicily and the Second Front, by Ivor Montagu; Can They Quench Volcanoes? by Quaestor; Housing—in War and Peace, by J. R. Campbell; Trades Union Congress, by Peter Kerrigan; The Kayyur Heroes, by P. C. Joshi; The Communist Congress, by R. Palme Dutt; Service Pensions, by Wm. Gallacher, M.P.; Engels on Guerilla Warfare; Book Reviews.

More Classified Advertisements on page 95.

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SEP 1 1943

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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WHO IS TO CONTROL THE B.B.C.?

...that mixed grill of questions raised by Mem...s on the adjournment of the House of Commons ...week for the summer recess, Mr. Petherick, ...onservative, tackled Mr. Bracken on the con...ution of the B.B.C., and drew an interesting ...wer from him. Mr. Petherick objects to the ...sponsibility of Broadcasting House. Con...utionally it is attached, by a highly convenient ...tic, to the Minister of Information who is thus ...bled to answer any criticism of it by disclaim... control. The result, as Mr. Petherick com...ined, is that its activities cannot really be ...ctively challenged in the House and there is, ...effect, no general control over it. He urged that ...annual report should be presented by the ...B.C. to Parliament, which should be obliged ...discuss the general conduct of the Corporation ...two days in every year. Mr. Bracken replied ...t our broadcasting organisation was the best ...the world, though it had made many mistakes; ...said that the charter of the B.B.C. was nearing ...end, and he thought that M.P.s would do a ...y good job of work if they pressed for a ...mplete examination of the whole set-up of the ...rporation.

...t is essential that such an examination should ...made, though we cannot feel very optimistic ...out the result. The problem of democratising ...adcasting is only part of that tremendous ...oblem which is riving and racking our society, ...w to preserve the elements of democratic free...m, which were precariously established by ...eralism in the simple, individualist world of ...nineteenth century, and adjust them to the ...ss-produced totalitarian world which is taking ...place. The totalitarian, governmental control ...the air leads inevitably to Goebbels and the ...ss-production of opinion by a governing class ...clique. No more effective instrument for ...rading and enslaving the masses has ever been ...ented. The individualist solution, which has ...n tried out in America, is to leave broadcasting ...the private control and competition of commer...l companies. The results of a commercialised, ...ertisement-ridden broadcasting system are not ...couraging, and it is doubtful whether the demo...tic Father Coughlin is to be preferred as a mass-...ducer of public opinion to the Nazi Goebbels ...the Fascist Gavda.

The B.B.C. is the usual British compromise between incompatibles. In theory it is not controlled by the Government, because it is a Corporation, and is not a private monopoly because it is called a Public Corporation with a Charter bestowed upon it by Parliament. It professes therefore to make the best of both worlds, avoiding the commercialisation of opinion in the one and the suffocation of opinion in the other. In practice things work out rather differently. What the democrat hoped for from this arrangement was that the Governors would impartially maintain freedom of opinion on the air by allowing each and every side to have its say, while at the same time preventing the manipulation or suffocation of opinion by the Government. Thus the listener would always have his free choice between the whitest white and the blackest black with every shade of grey between them. Actually the B.B.C. produces a compromise between white and black, and that inevitably is a monotonous and depressing grey. What happens is that the vociferous extremists on both wings always protest vigorously at anyone being allowed to say anything with which they disagree. Government departments, like the Foreign and Colonial Offices, which exercise an informal censorship on "political" talks, blue pencil unorthodox opinions and therefore exert a powerful influence in the same direction.

The staff, often genuinely eager to be impartial and to preserve freedom of opinion, gives way under this incessant war of nerves and adopts the Civil Service motto: "Anything for a quiet life." The result is the banning of unorthodox opinion. In a democracy this tells politically much more against the Left than the Right and nearly always means that the B.B.C. becomes a mouthpiece of the Government and of those in power. For a broadcasting system which bans the unorthodox is necessarily a perpetual and powerful supporter of the *status quo*, and nearly all governments are lovers of the *status quo*.

It is questions such as these which M.P.s must consider in their examination of the Corporation's Charter and constitution. Reform will not be easy. Complete transfer to private and competitive control is unthinkable, though it is worth considering whether a limited amount of private competition is not desirable. Another very important question is that raised by Mr. Petherick. The war has only emphasised the tendency of the Government to usurp, by various methods, control of broadcast opinion. This is, to some extent, inevitable in the conditions of modern life. But if this be so, it is essential that the B.B.C. should be made responsible to Parliament.

Replanning the War

At this forthcoming conference President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill will be faced with a situation which has altered radically from the standpoint both of military operations and political problems since they last met. On the military side, developments on the Eastern Front have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. Profiting by the costly defeat incurred by the central group of German armies in their unsuccessful offensive last month against the Kursk bulge, the Russians have staged a counter-offensive which already begins to have more than local significance. Three stages so far in the execution of the Russian plans are clearly discernible. First, the successful reduction of the Orel salient—a preparatory, semi-defensive operation designed presumably to eliminate what had long been a standing threat to Moscow. Next came a series of what were apparently feint attacks against the Donbas both from the east an the north. Finally, an attack was launched from Byelgorod in a westerly and south-westerly direction aimed at the rearward communications of Kharkov. Already in this sector the German defensive positions appear to have been breached on a wide front; the enemy's tenure of Kharkov is patently precarious; and, as the Russian advance towards Poltava makes headway, a threat may soon develop against the lines of communication on which the whole of the German forces in the Donbas rely.

How Many Fronts?

With the Red Army thus committed to operations on a grand scale it is perhaps not surprising that Moscow Radio should be inclined to revive for the benefit of Western listeners the question of Anglo-American contributions to the common effort on land. Russian opinion appears to be